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THE
CHILD'S OWN
BOOK OF POETRY

ILLUSTRATED





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THE CHILD'S OWN
BOOK OF POETRY.



DICKEY BIRDS IN THE SNOW.

Frontispiece.

THE CHILD'S OWN BOOK OF POETRY.

A SELECTION OF

*PRETTY AND AMUSING POEMS FOR
YOUNG CHILDREN.*

PROFUSELY ILLUSTRATED.



London:

WARD, LOCK, & CO., WARWICK HOUSE,
DORSET BUILDINGS, SALISBURY SQUARE.



PREFACE.

CHILDREN have a natural liking for poetry. When they begin to talk and to be talked to, they enjoy a jingle of rhymes, and even in infancy a song will soothe them by its musical sound. When the little ones run about and play, they invent, if they are not taught, a rhythmical cadence to accompany their movements. Verses, if musically written, describing familiar objects, expressing the simple but very earnest thoughts of childhood, always afford pleasure ; and as children grow older, a ballad, or story in verse, is always better liked than a prose narrative.

There is a great difference between poems for children, and poems about children ; and this difference is not always estimated by writers

PREFACE.

who prepare books for the young. As grown persons, intellectually cultivated, value the highest productions of poetical genius, because the great authors have grandly and melodiously expressed thoughts which have had a vague existence in the readers' minds, and described with more force and beauty of language scenes and characters which the ordinary reader can appreciate, but lacks power to depict—similarly the child delights in verses which reflect the playfulness, activity, and affection of its own nature, which is associated with love for parents and brothers and sisters, and illustrates that enjoyment of natural objects, flowers and pets, which all good and intelligent children feel.

It is hoped that the poems included in the following pages—little rhymes for little children; natural, healthy, sympathetic verses for those of larger growth—will be acceptable to the boys and girls who delight in a pretty book.



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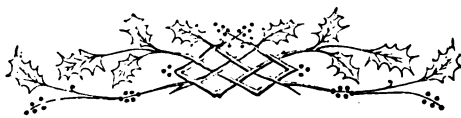
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THE CHILD'S OWN BOOK OF POETRY.



WHAT THE BIRDS SAY.

WHAT sings the merry lark in the blue sky,
Rising so early, and soaring so high ?
“ Get up, dear children,
Night-time is fled,
Good boys and girls
Should be out of bed.

What does the sparrow chirp, looking for food,
All through the daytime, to feed its young brood ?
“ Dear little children,
Waste not the day ;

Bear in mind always,
That *work* sweetens play."

What sings the pretty thrush, when in the west
Sinketh the bright sun in splendour to rest?

"Dear little children,
Daylight has fled ;
Good boys and girls
Should now be in bed."

SWEET MAGGY.

SHE'S coming, she's coming, sweet Maggy!
I heard her gay laugh as she spoke,
And caught, as she passed the low window,
A gleam of her pretty red cloak.

She's here with her hands full of flowers,
Blue, purple, red, yellow, and white,
For dear little Dick, who's been coughing
And crying so sadly all night.

And there, on her arm, is her basket ;
Upstairs I must after her go,
For I'm sure she's come to make Dicky
Glad, quiet, and happy, you know.

Yes, there she is, putting before him
Some nicely cut slices of ham ;
Some eggs and some bright sugar-candy,
With a pot of nice black currant jam.

Whene'er I see dear little Maggy,
She makes me feel happy and gay,
She seems to have sunshine around her
E'en on a dull, drear winter's day.



LITTLE DOG BOBBY.

"COME, Bobby! School's open! Now mind!
sit up straight.

Please study your lesson before it's too late."

"Oh! pray for awhile let these old lessons be;
For such a small dog they're too hard, don't you
see?"

"No, no, Master Bobby! Begin your work now;
If you don't, be assured you will never know how.
It's only the harder, the longer you wait:
Be a good doggy, Bobby! Submit to your fate."

Little Bobby submitted, as not all dogs do
(I know some young Bobbies who don't submit, too).
Thus Bob's education in earnest began;
On two legs he walked like an elegant man.
Upright he could sit in a drawing-room chair,—
Papa's hat on his head,—with a dignified air.
On his nose he could balance a penny so bright;
Toss up, at command, and then catch at a bite.

He could carry your basket, your letter, your cane ;
And hold your umbrella, unless it should rain.
In short, almost everything Bobby could do ;
It seemed there was nothing but what Bobby knew.
All this his young master beheld with delight :
Could he not himself learn, then, to read and to
write ?

Bob's example to imitate now he began,
And in time became also an elegant man.

BABY BOY.

HOW many toes has the tootsy foot ?
One, two, three, four, five !
Shut them all up in the little warm sock,
Snugger than bees in a hive.

How many fingers has Bo's little hand ?
Four and a little wee thumb ;
Shut them up under the bedclothes tight,
For fear Jack Frost should come.

How many eyes has the baby boy ?
Two, so shining and bright ;
Shut them up under the little white lids,
And kiss them a loving good-night.

EAST, WEST, NORTH, AND SOUTH.

THERE was an old weather-vane high on a shed,
The wind came courting and turned his head ;
And all it could utter for lack of mouth,
Was East and West, and North and South.

THE MOUSE'S PETITION.

O HEAR a pensive prisoner's prayer,
For liberty that sighs ;
And never let thine heart be shut
Against the wretch's cries !

For here forlorn and sad I sit
Within the wiry grate,
And tremble at the approaching morn,
Which brings impending fate.

If e'er thy breast with freedom glowed,
And spurned a tyrant's chain,
Let not thy strong oppressive force
A free-born mouse detain.

O do not stain with guiltless blood
Thy hospitable hearth ;
Nor triumph that thy wiles betrayed
A prize so little worth !

The scattered gleanings of a feast
My frugal meal supply ;
But if thine unrelenting heart
That slender boon deny,

The cheerful light, the vital air,
Are blessings widely given :
Let nature's commoners enjoy
The common gifts of heaven.

The well-taught philosophic mind
To all compassion gives,
Casts round the world an equal eye,
And feels for all that lives.



THE LITTLE DAIRY-MAID.

SHE woke with the birds this morning,
When the sun was rising bright,
And she's churning now in the glimmer
Of the waning evening light.
She made the cheese in the dairy;
She watched the cows in the lane;
She's active and light as a fairy,
Our little dairy-maid Jane.

To-morrow she'll go to market,
 O'er hill and meadow and down—
 In her white sun-bonnet and kerchief,
 And tidy purple gown—
 With eggs and fruit and butter,
 Which bring her a wide renown ;
 And she sells them to the gentry,
 In yonder market town.

Still, as she churns, her singing,
 Like song of a woodland bird,
 Through the open lattice window
 All cheerfully is heard.

I know not which is sweetest,
 The carol of birds in the lane,
 Or the notes that I love so dearly,
 Of little dairy-maid Jane.

MARCH AWAY.

MARCH away ! march away !
 To the playground lead the way.
 All our lessons now are past ;
 Left foot first, and not too fast.
 Oh ! 'tis nice each sunny day,
 After work to enjoy our play ;
 We'll no angry looks betray,
 But march to the playground, march away.

Off we go ! off we go !
 All our looks our pleasure show ;
 Round and round the pole we swing,
 Or we form the joyous ring ;
 Joining in the active race,
 Swift we run from place to place ;
 'Tis the time for sport and play,
 So march to the playground, march away.

THE CHILD'S OWN

SUPPOSE !

SUPPOSE, my little lady,
Your doll should break her head,
Could you make it whole by crying
Till your eyes and nose were red?
And wouldn't it be pleasanter
To treat it as a joke,
And say you're glad 'twas Dolly's,
And not your head that broke?

Suppose you're dressed for walking,
And the rain comes pouring down,
Will it clear off any sooner
Because you scold and frown?
And wouldn't it be nicer
For you to smile than pout,
And so make sunshine in the house
When there is none without?

Suppose your task, my little man,
Is very hard to get,
Will it make it any easier
For you to sit and fret?
And wouldn't it be wiser,
Than waiting like a dunce,
To go to work in earnest,
And learn the thing at once?

Suppose that some boys have a horse,
And some a coach and pair,
Will it tire you less while walking
To say "It isn't fair"?
And wouldn't it be nobler
To keep your temper sweet,
And in your heart be thankful
You can walk upon your feet?

Suppose the world doesn't please you,
Nor the way some people do,
Do you think the whole creation
Will be altered just for you?
And isn't it, my boy or girl,
The wisest, bravest plan,
Whatsoever comes, or doesn't come,
To do the best you can?

SLEEP, BABY, SLEEP.

SLEEP, baby, sleep !
Thy Father watches His sheep,
Thy mother is shaking the dreamland tree,
And down comes a little dream on thee.
Sleep, baby, sleep !

Sleep, baby, sleep !
The large stars are the sheep ;
The little stars are the lambs, I guess,
And the gentle moon is the shepherdess ;
Sleep, baby, sleep !

Sleep, baby, sleep !
Our Saviour loves His sheep,
He is the Lamb of God on high,
Who for our sakes came down to die.
Sleep, baby, sleep !

LOVING HEARTS.

NEVER a night so dark and drear,
Never a cruel wind so chill,
But loving hearts can make it clear,
And find some comfort in it still.

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THE CAPTAIN'S DAUGHTER.

WE were crowded in the cabin,
Not a soul would dare to sleep
It was midnight on the waters,
And a storm was on the deep.

'Tis a fearful thing in winter,
To be shattered by the blast,
And to hear the rattling trumpet
Thunder, "Cut away the mast!"

So we shuddered there in silence;
For the stoutest held his breath,
While the hungry sea was roaring,
And the breakers talked with Death.

So thus we sat in darkness,
Each one busy with his prayers.
"We are lost!" the captain shouted,
As he staggered down the stairs.

But his little daughter whispered,
As she took his icy hand,
"Is not God upon the ocean,
Just the same as on the land?"

Then we kissed the little maiden,
And we spoke in better cheer;
And we anchored safe in harbour
When the moon was shining clear.

THE ANGELS.

WHAT makes baby brave and bright?
Angels guard her day and night.

TWO KITTENS.

ONE little kitten
Dashing at a fly,
The other little kitten
Singing "Baby bye."

One little kitten
Scratching up a tree,
The other little kitten
Nestling close to me.

One little kitten
Scrubbing down its nose
The other little kitten
Smelling at a rose.



One little kitten,
Not a word to say,
The other little kitten
Talking all the day.

One little kitten
Downy soft with fur,
The other little kitten—
Who can picture her?

Rosy little kitten,
Smiling, dimpled, curled ;
She's my darling kitten,
Out of all the world.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

I HAVE taught your young lips the good words to
say over,
Which form the petition we call the Lord's prayer,
And now let me help my dear child to discover
The meaning of all the good words that are there.

"Our Father," the same appellation is given
To a parent on earth and the Parent of all :
O gracious permission ! the God that's in heaven
Allows His poor creatures Him Father call.

To "hallow His name" is to think with devotion
Of it, and with reverence mention the same :
Though you are so young, you should strive for some
notion
Of the awe we should feel at the Holy One's name.

His "will done on earth as it is done in heaven,"
Is a wish and a hope we are suffered to breathe,
That such grace and favour to us may be given,
Like good angels on high we may live here beneath.

"Our daily bread give us," your young apprehension
May well understand is to pray for our food ;
Although we ask bread, and no other thing mention,
God's bounty gives all things sufficient and good.

You pray that your "trespasses may be forgiven,
As you forgive those that are done unto you."
Before this you say to the God that's in heaven,
Consider the words which you speak, are they true ?

For every one has in the past time offended,
As angry creatures who soon take offence.
These words in the prayer are surely intended
To soften our minds, and expel wrath from thence.

We pray that "temptation may never assail us,"
And "deliverance beg from all evil" we find ;
But we dare not hope that our prayer will avail us,
If we strive not to banish ill thoughts from our
mind.

"For Thine is the kingdom, the power, and the glory,
For ever and ever ;" these titles are meant
To express God's dominion and majesty o'er ye ;
And "Amen" to the sense of the whole gives assent.

BABY'S SKIES.

WOULD you know the baby's skies ?
Baby's skies are Mamma's eyes.
Mamma's eyes and smile together
Make the baby's pleasant weather.

Mamma, keep your eyes from tears,
Keep your heart from foolish fears,
Keep your lips from dull complaining,
Lest the baby think 'tis raining.

STARS ARE OVERHEAD.

WHETHER fair, whether foul,
Be it wet or dry,
Cloudy time or shiny time,
The sun is in the sky.
Gloomy night, sparkle-night,
Be it glad or dread,
Cloudy time or shiny time,
Stars are overhead.



THE THREE LITTLE LAMBS.

WHEN the days were wintry,
And the wind was keen,
Just before the snowdrop
In the grass was seen ;

Early, very early,
Still a time of snow,
Then they brought the tidings,
And they bade us know,

That in yonder pasture,
Where the sun shines bright,
Were three baby lambkins
Born that selfsame night ;

Three soft woolly infants,
With the funniest eyes,
And their mother listening
To their baby cries,

To their feeble bleating,
Little weakly things,
Underneath the hedgerow,
Where the robin sings,

All among the rushes,
Underneath the hill,
Safely, warmly sheltered,
From the tempest chill.

There they lived and flourished
Through the chilly days,
Till the sun grew hotter
In his noontide rays ;

Till the spring came softly
With its gentle breath,
Rousing ferns and snowdrops
From their wintry death.

Then the lambs grew rounder,
And their eyes more bright,
Playing all the springtime,
From day-dawn till night.

Ah, the fun and racing
Up and down the hill
Of those three lamb brothers,
Frisking at their will.

MABEL'S MAIDS.

"O H, Auntie darling, I do want,"
Said Mabel to her own dear aunt,
"I want a little maid,
To wash and dress me, with me play,
And mend my clothes, and—but you'll say
That's lazy, I'm afraid.

"But, see, this button's off again,
And on my hand there is a stain,
It is not dirt, I'm sure.
Oh dear! there is so much to do :
Please, Auntie darling, cannot you
A little maid procure?"

"One's not enough for all you want,
My Mabel," said good-natured aunt ;
"At least some eight or ten
Your needs require—well, we will see ;
Be a good girl, and kind to me,
And you shall have them then.

"Say, Mabel, ten smart little elves
Like those in books upon your shelves—
I think I know a few—
To brush your hair, to wash your hands,
And do what now poor aunt demands
So many times of you."

"How nice!" said Mabel. "Will they stay?
You're sure they will not run away?
Will they be always good?"
Said aunt, "They'll stay, and every hour
They'll grow more clever, have more power
To do the things you would.

"That is, dear, if you use them well,
Else you may break the fairy spell.

Now look ! we have not far
To go for them. At my first call
The little maids come one and all."

"Why, these my fingers are !"

"Well, Mabel, are not they enough
For your small doings, smooth or rough,
These cunning little elves ?
I guess they'll help ; and, my own Mabel,
Once set to work, you'll find them able
To do it all themselves."

A GOOD-NIGHT SONG.

TO bed, to bed, my curly head,
To bed, and sleep so sweetly ;
Merry and bright with the morning light,
Be up and dressed so neatly.

Then for a walk and a pleasant talk
About the birds and flowers ;
And all the day, in work and play,
We'll pass the happy hours.

And then to bed, to rest the head,
And sleep until the morrow ;
May every day thus glide away,
Without a shade of sorrow.

KITTY AND MOUSIE.

ONCE there was a little kitty,
Whiter than snow ;
In a barn she used to frolic,
Long time ago.

In a barn a little mousie
Ran to and fro ;
For he heard the kitty coming,
Long time ago.

Two eyes had little kitty,
Black as a sloe ;
And they spied the little mousie,
Long time ago.

Four legs had little kitty,
Moving very slow,
Creeping after mousie,
Long time ago.

Four paws had little kitty,
Paws as soft as dough ;
And they caught the little mousie,
Long time ago.

Nine teeth had little kitty,
All in a row ;
And they bit the little mousie,
Long time ago.

When the teeth bit little mousie,
Little mouse cried " Oh !"
But she got away from kitty,
Long time ago.



THE NEW MOON.

DEAR mother, how pretty the moon looks to-night !
She was never so pretty before ;
Her two little horns are so sharp and so bright,
I hope she'll not grow any more.

If I were up there, with you and my friends,
I'd rock in it nicely, you'd see ;
I'd sit in the middle, and hold by both ends ;
Oh, what a bright cradle 'twould be !

I would call to the stars to keep out of the way,
Lest we should rock over their toes,
And then I would rock till the dawn of the day,
And see where the pretty moon goes.

And there we would stay in the beautiful skies,
And through the bright clouds we would roam ;
We would see the sun set and see the sun rise,
And on the next rainbow come home.

A SWINGING SONG.

MERRY it is on a summer's day,
All through the meadows to wend away ;
To watch the brooks glide fast or slow,
And the little fish twinkle down below ;
To hear the lark in the blue sky sing,
Oh, sure enough, 'tis a merry thing ;
But 'tis merrier far to swing, to swing.

Merry it is on a winter's night
To listen to tales of elf and sprite,
Of caves and castles so dim and old,
The dismalest tales that ever were told ;
And then to laugh and then to sing,
You may take my word, is a merry thing ;
But 'tis merrier far to swing, to swing.

Down with the hoop upon the green,
Down with the ringing tambourine :
Little heed we for this or for that ;
Off with the bonnet, off with the hat ;
Away we go like birds on the wing,
Higher yet ! higher yet ! " Now for the King ! "
This is the way we swing, we swing.

Scarcely the bough bends, Claude is so light ;
Mount up behind him—there, that is right ;
Down bends the branch ; now swing him away ;
Higher yet ! higher yet ! higher, I say !
Oh, what a joy it is ! Now let us sing,
" A pear for the Queen, an apple for the King ! "
And shake the old tree as we swing, we swing !

A LITTLE.

A LITTLE,—'tis a little word,
But much may in it dwell ;
Then let the warning truth be heard,
And learn the lesson well.

The way of ruin thus begins,
Down, down, like easy stairs ;
If conscience suffers little sins,
Soon larger ones it bears.

A little theft, a small deceit,
Too often leads to more ;
'Tis hard at first, but tempts the feet
As through an open door.

Just as the broadest rivers run
From small and distant springs,
The greatest crimes that men have done
Have grown from little things.

The child who early disobeys,
Stands now on slippery ground ;
And who shall tell, in future days,
How low he may be found ?

WAKE UP, BIRDIE.

BIRDIE with the folded wing,
Shall we never hear you sing ?
Sleepy birdie, wake up quick !
Pretty birdie, are you sick ?
Birdie, birdie ! are you dead ?
Birdie, birdie ! lift your head !
Here is water for your cup ;
Here is sugar—eat it up.
Here is sunshine, warm and bright—
Now he sings with all his might.

BEASTS, BIRDS, AND FISHES.



THE Dog will come when he is called,

The Cat will walk away ;
 The Monkey's cheek is very bald ;
 The Goat is fond of play.
 The Parrot is a prate-apace,
 Yet knows not what she says ;
 The noble Horse will win the race,
 Or draw you in a chaise.

The Pig is not a feeder nice,
 The Squirrel loves a nut,
 The Wolf would eat you in a trice,
 The Buzzard's eyes are shut.
 The Lark sings high up in the air,
 The Linnet on the tree ;
 The Swan, he has a bosom fair,
 And who so proud as he ?

Oh, yes, the Peacock is more proud,
 Because his tail has eyes ;
 The Lion roars so very loud,
 He'd fill you with surprise.
 The Raven's coat is shining black,
 His eyes are sharp and bright,
 The Camel's hunch is on his back ;
 The Owl abhors the light ;

The Sparrow steals the cherry ripe,
 The Elephant is wise,
 The Blackbird charms you with his pipe,
 The false Hyena cries ;
 The Hen guards well her little chicks,
 The useful Cow is meek ;
 The Beaver builds with mud and sticks,
 The Lapwing likes to squeak.

The little Wren is very small,
The Humming-bird is less ;
The Ladybird is least of all,
And beautiful in dress.
The Pelican, she loves her young,
The Stork its father loves ;
The Woodcock's bill is very long,
And innocent are Doves.

The streakéd Tiger's fond of blood,
The Pigeons feed on peas,
The Duck will gobble in the mud,
The Mouse will eat your cheese.
A Lobster's black ; when boiled, he's red ;
The harmless Lamb must bleed,
The Codfish has a clumsy head,
The Goose on grass will feed.

The lady in her gown of silk,
The little Worm may thank ;
The sick man drinks the Ass's milk ;
The Weasel's long and lank.
The Buck gives us a venison dish,
When hunted for the spoil ;
The Shark eats up the little fish,
The Whale produces oil.

The Glowworm shines the darkest night,
With lantern in its tail ;
The Turtle is the cit's delight,
It wears a coat of mail.
In Germany they hunt the Boar,
The Bee brings honey home,
The Ant lays up a winter store,
The Bear loves honey-comb.

The Eagle has a crooked beak,
The Plaice has orange spots ;

The Starling, if he's taught, will speak ;
The Ostrich walks and trots.
The child that does not these things know,
May well be thought a dunce ;
But I will up in knowledge grow,
As youth can come but once.



“The eagle has a crooked beak.”

THE MOON AND THE STARS.

THE Moon came late to the twinkling sky,
To see what the stars were about ;
“Fair Night,” asked she, “are the family in ?”
“Oh, no, they are every one out.”



BOYS' PLAY AND GIRLS' PLAY.

“**N**OW, let's have a game of play,
Lucy, Jane, and little May !
I will be a grizzly bear,
Prowling here and prowling there,
Sniffing round and round about,
Till I find the children out ;
And my dreadful den shall be
Deep within the hollow tree.”

“ Oh, no ! please not, Robin dear,
Do not be a grizzly bear ;

Little May was half afraid
When she heard the noise you made,
Roaring like a lion strong,
Just now as you came along ;
And she'll scream and start to-night,
If you give her any fright."

" Well, then I will be a fox !
You shall be the hens and cocks,
In the farmer's apple-tree,
Crowing out so lustily ;
I will softly creep this way—
Peep, and pounce upon my prey ;
And I'll bear you to my den,
Where the fern grows in the glen."

" Oh, no, Robert ! you're so strong ;
While you're dragging us along,
I'm afraid you'll tear our frocks.
We won't play at hens and cocks."
" If you won't play fox or bears,
I'm a dog, and you be hares ;
Then you'll only have to run :
Girls are never up to fun."

" You have your play, we have ours,
Very happy with our flowers ;
I and little May and Jane
Go and climb the trees again ;
Jane is picking foxglove bells,
And we want to search the dells ;
May and I are making posies
With the pretty summer roses."

THE SKIPPING-ROPE.

NOW, all ye tearful children, come and listen
while I tell
About the little fairy folk, and what to them
befell ;

And how three little fairies sat them down, one summer day,
And cried among the grasses till the others flew away.

They flew away bewildered, for it gave them such a
fright

To see the fairies crying with the jolly sun in sight ;
And so they left them all alone, and there they sat
and cried

Six little streams of fairy tears, that trickled side by
side.

And looking down, the laughing sun among the drops
did pass,

And he laid a little rainbow beside them on the
grass ;

Then quickly rose the fairies, and clapped their gleeful
hands.

“ We’ve found the brightest skipping-rope in all the
fairy lands.”

And there they jumped their tears away, and jumped
their dimples in ;

And jumped until their laughter came—a tinkling,
fairy din.

What ! you say you don’t believe it, you saucy little
elf?

Then run and get your skipping-rope, and try it for
yourself !

THE ROBIN-REDBREASTS.



TWO Robin-red-breasts built their nests
 Within a hollow tree ;
 The hen sat quietly at home,
 The cock sang merrily ;
 And all the little young ones said,
 "Wee, wee, wee, wee, wee, wee."

One day (the sun was warm and bright,
 And shining in the sky)
 Cock-robin said, "My little dears,
 'Tis time you learn to fly ;"

And all the little young ones said,
 "I'll try, I'll try, I'll try."

I know a child, and who she is
 I'll tell you by-and-by,
 When mamma says, "Do this," or "that,"
 She says, "What for?" and "Why?"
 She'd be a better child by far
 If she would say "I'll try."

NICER AND NICE.

THIS cake is so nice, I wish for another ;
 Can I make it nicer? share it with brother.

LITTLE WHIMPY.

WHIMPY, little Whimpy,
Cried so much one day,
His grandma couldn't stand it,
And his mother ran away ;
His sister climbed the hay-mow,
His father went to town,
And cook flew to the neighbour's
In her shabby kitchen-gown.

Whimpy, little Whimpy,
Stood out in the sun,
And cried until the chickens
And the ducks began to run ;
Old Towser in his kennel
Growled in an angry tone,
Then burst his chain, and Whimpy
Was left there all alone.

Whimpy, little Whimpy,
Cried and cried and cried.
Soon the sunlight vanished,
Flowers began to hide ;
Birdies stopped their singing,
Frogs began to croak ;
Darkness came, and Whimpy
Found crying was no joke.

Whimpy, little Whimpy,
Never will forget the day
When grandma couldn't stand it,
And his mother ran away.
He was waiting by the window
When they all came home to tea,
And a gladder boy than Whimpy
You ne'er need hope to see.

BABY.

“ **W**HAT is this pretty little thing,
That nurse so carefully doth bring?
And round its head a blanket fling,
A baby !”

“ Oh dear, how very soft its cheek !
Why, Nurse, I cannot make it speak,
And it can't walk, it is so weak.
A baby !”

“ Why, you were once a baby too,
And could not jump as now you do ;
But good Mamma took care of you,
Like baby.

“ And then she taught your little feet
To pat along the carpet neat,
And called Papa to come and meet
His baby.

“ Oh, dear Mamma, to take such care,
And no kind pains and trouble spare
To feed and nurse you when you were
A baby !”

THE LITTLE BIRD.

ONCE I saw a little bird
Come, hop, hop, hop ;
So I said, “ Little bird,
Will you stop, stop, stop ?”

I went close to the window,
To say, “ How do you do ?”
But he shook his little tail,
And far away he flew.



THE SPRING MORNING.

GET up, little sister, the morning is bright,
And the birds are all singing to welcome the
light ;
The buds are all opening—the dew's on the flower ;
If you shake but a branch, see ! there falls quite a
shower.

By the side of their mothers, look ! under the trees,
How the young lambs are skipping about as they please ;
And by all those rings on the water I know
The fishes are merrily swimming below.

The bee, I dare say, has been long on the wing,
To get honey from every flower of the spring ;
For the bee never idles, but labours all day,
And thinks (wise little insect !) work better than play.

The lark's singing gaily ; it loves the bright sun,
And rejoices that now the gay spring has begun ;
For the spring is so cheerful, I think 'twould be wrong
If we did not feel happy to hear the lark's song.

Get up ! for when all things are merry and glad,
Good children should never be lazy and sad ;
For God gives us daylight, dear sister, that we
May rejoice like the lark, and may work like the bee.



ROBIN'S RAIN SONG.

O ROBIN, pipe no more of rain !
'Tis four days since we saw the sun,
And still the misty window-pane
Is loud with drops that leap and run.

Four days ago the sky was clear ;
But when my mother heard you call,
She said, " That's Robin's rain song, dear :
Oh, well he knows when rain will fall."

Fair was the morning, and I wept
Because she would not let me stray
Into the woods for flowers, but kept
My feet from wandering away.

And I was vexed to hear you cry
So sweetly of the coming storm,
And watched with briny eyes the sky
Grow cold and dim, for clear and warm.

It seemed to me you brought it all
With that incessant plaintive note ;
And still you call the drops to fall
Upon your brown and scarlet coat.

How nice to be a bird like you !
And let the rain come pattering down,
Nor mind a bit to be wet through,
Nor fear to spoil one's only gown.

But since I cannot be a bird,
Sweet Robin, pipe no more of rain ;
Your merry music is preferred :
Forget at last that sad refrain,

And tell us of the sunshine, dear—
I'm wild to be abroad again,
Seeking for blossoms far and near :
O Robin, pipe no more of rain !

BREAKFAST AND PUSS.

HERE'S my baby's bread and milk,
For her lips as soft as silk ;
Here's the basin clean and neat,
Here's the spoon of silver sweet,
Here's the stool, and here's the chair,
For my little lady fair.

No, you must not spill it out,
And drop the bread and milk about ;
But let it stand before you flat,
And pray remember pussy cat—
Poor old pussy cat, that purrs,
All so patiently for hers.

True, she runs about the house,
Catching now and then a mouse ;
But, though she thinks it very nice,
That only makes a tiny slice :
So don't forget that you should stop,
And leave poor puss a little drop.





THE WOODPECKER.

TAP ! tap ! goes the
woodpecker's busy
bill,

Tap ! tap ! on the old
oak tree :

He hunts small game
With his tongue of flame,
For a woodman bold is he.

“ 'Tis the early bird gets the
worm,” he cries,
As he springs from his nest
at morn ;
And his notes so shrill,
The woodlands fill
Like the hunter's bugle horn !

In their chambers dark, 'neath the
mouldering bark,
The ant and the grub lie still,
But he hurries them out
In a terrible rout,
And eats them up at will.

A LILAC CHAIN.

UNDER the willow, out of the rain,
We'll string us many a lilac chain,
Shining and sweet, and fair to see,
Some for my darling, and some for me.



RED ROSE HILL.

THERE sat an old grandmother
Beneath a spreading tree,
And the little Amy at her feet
Was playing busily.

Then spake that old grandmother,
In her low, feeble way :
“ Since I have tasted a strawberry
It seemeth many a day.

“ The strawberries once grew ripe and red
Over the old Rose Hill,
And how do we know but berries grow,
And are red and ripe there still ? ”

“ At the set of sun,” said Amy,
“ My father will be here,
And he’ll bring berries from the field,
From the field that lieth near.”

“ There’s many an hour ere set of sun,
And I am thinking still
Of the baskets-full we used to find
Over the Red Rose Hill.”

Then Amy went to her mother,
And, “ I will go,” said she,
“ Although my grandmother’s wishes
Are very strange to me.

“ But I know, for you have told me,
Though I do not see how,
That the soul she had in childhood
Dwells always with her now.

“ And so we are ever trying
To make her child’s heart glad ;
It would be very wicked, wouldn’t it,
Ever to make her sad ? ”

“ Then take your bonnet quickly,
And go to the Red Rose Hill,
And in twice four minutes, Amy,
Your basket you can fill.”

“ But in the woods there are spiders
That hang by a dirty thread ;
And when I go by, I can feel them
Come dropping on my head.

“ Spiders with long legs, mother !
And bodies round and black !
If I go through the forest all alone,
Shall I ever get safely back ? ”

“ There is naught in the woods will harm you,
So prithee, dear child, away ;
And don’t be gone too long, Amy,
By stopping along the way.”

“ But I’ve seen, far out in the woods, mother,
The toads’ small table set,
And I’ve wondered much if they ever
Little bits of children ate.

“ For, if I ever so softly
Am hoping safely to pass,
A great brown toad comes hopping
Right at me from the grass.”

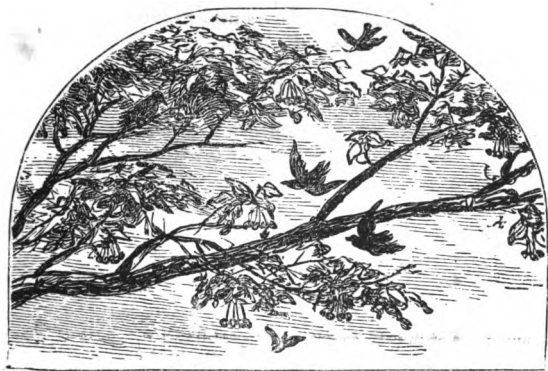
“ But they all are God’s little creatures ;
He has put them out in the wood ;
And, don’t you remember, Amy,
He has called them ‘ very good ’ ?

“ And think how He loves little children ;
Think how by night and by day
He has watched you and kept you safely,
And driven danger away.”

Then out through the winding pathway,
And over the Red Rose Hill,
Went Amy with cheerful footsteps,
Her little basket to fill.

Thinking, “ God loves little children,
And keeps them all night and all day ;
And I’ll not be afraid, and will love Him,
For my mother says that I may.”





DON'T KILL THE BIRDS.

DON'T kill the birds, the pretty birds
That sing about the door,
Soon as the joyous spring has come,
And chilling storms are o'er.
The little birds—how sweet they sing !
Oh, let them joyous live ;
And never seek to take that life
Which you can never give.

Don't kill the birds, the little birds
That play among the trees ;
'Twould make the earth a cheerless place,
Should we dispense with these.
The little birds—how fond they play !
Do not disturb their sport,
But let them warble forth their songs,
Till winter cuts them short.

Don't kill the birds, the happy birds
That bless the fields and grove ;
So innocent to look upon,
They claim our warmest love.
The happy birds, the tuneful birds,
How pleasant 'tis to see ;
No spot can be a cheerless place,
Where'er their presence be.

GOOD NIGHT.

BABY, baby, lay your head
On your pretty cradle bed ;
Shut your eye-peeps, now the day
And the light are gone away.
All the clothes are tucked in tight ;
Little baby, dear, good night.

Yes, my darling, well I know
How the bitter wind doth blow ;
And the winter's snow and rain
Patter on the window-pane :
But they cannot come in here,
To my little baby dear ;

For the window shutteth fast,
Till the stormy night is past ;
And the curtains warm are spread
Round about her cradle-bed ;
So till morning shineth bright,
Little baby, dear, good night.

PUSSY AND THE BALL.

A BALL'S a ball, and nothing more :
When it lies upon the floor,
See how grave and still its air,
Not a bit of frolic there.

What is this ? can Pussy's touch
Change the quiet thing so much ?
See it start, and run and hop !
Pussy cannot make it stop.

See them swing ! see them leap !
See the two fall in a heap !
Now they roll, and now they run,
Now the ball is full of fun.

MY WEEK.

ON Monday I wash my dollies' clothes,
On Tuesday smoothly press them,
On Wednesday mend their little hose,
On Thursday neatly dress them,
On Friday I play they're taken ill,
On Saturday, something or other ;
When Sunday comes, I say, " Lie still,
I'm going to church with Mother."





WHAT I LOVE.

I LOVE to read dearly ;
I love little toys ;
I love to have frolics
With other good boys ;
But sometimes I'm tired
Of books and of play,
And wish something new
Would enliven the day.

I love to ride dearly ;
And skating is fine ;
I shall never forget
The first day skates were mine ;

But riding grows tedious,
And ice melts away ;
Then I wish something new
Would enliven the day.

I love mamma dearly ;
She always loves me ;
And for her sake I'm trying
A good boy to be :
When I really have been so,
She, smiling, can say,
" I want nothing more
To enliven the day ! "

GOING TO BED.

DOWN upon my pillow warm
Now I lay my little head,
And the rain and wind and storm
Cannot come a-nigh my bed.

Many little children poor
Have not anywhere to go,
And sad hardships they endure,
Such as I did never know.

Dear mamma, I'll thank you oft
For this comfortable bed,
And this pretty pillow soft,
Where I rest my little head.

I shall sleep till morning light,
On a bed so nice as this ;
So, my dear mamma, good night,
Give your little girl a kiss,

LITTLE BIRD, LITTLE BIRD.

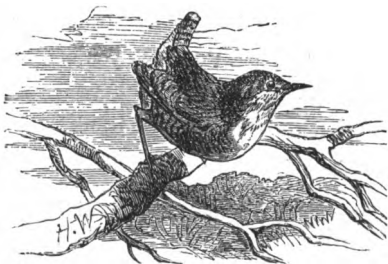
LITTLE bird ! little bird ! come to me !
I have a green cage ready for thee ;
Beauty-bright flowers I'll bring to you,
And fresh ripe cherries, all wet with dew."

"Thanks, little maiden, for all thy care,
But I dearly love the clear, cool air,
And my snug little nest in the old oak-tree."
"Little bird ! little bird ! stay with me."

"Nay, little damsel ; away I'll fly
To greener fields and a warmer sky.
When spring returns with pattering rain,
You will hear my merry song again."

"Little bird ! little bird ! who'll guide thee
Over the hills and over the sea ?
Foolish one, come in the house to stay,
For I'm very sure you'll lose your way."

"Ah, no, little maiden ! God guides me
Over the hills and over the sea.
I will be free as the rushing air,
Chasing the sunlight everywhere."



A LITTLE SISTER.

A VERY strange and grievous thing
It always seemed to me,
That other children sisters had,
While there was none for me.
Papa bought books and toys and birds,
I called them all my own,
And yet I was not happy when
I played with them alone.

My little chamber pleased me well,
With bed and carpet new,
Yet often to myself I said,
There's room enough for two.
One morning when I woke, papa
Was calling me to rise ;
There was a smile upon his lips,
Though tears stood in his eyes.

"Come, Mary, come with me," he said,
"And see how from above
Our Father has sent down to us
A token of His love."
He led me to my mother's room,
And laid upon my knee
A small live baby, which he said
Was sister now to me.

I'm sure that I was happy then,
And yet I wondered why
I could not jump about for joy,
But only sit and cry.
But oh ! when I had kissed her once,
She kissed not back again,
But cried, with a weak little voice,
As if she were in pain.

And so I sung my little hymns,
And would not leave her side,

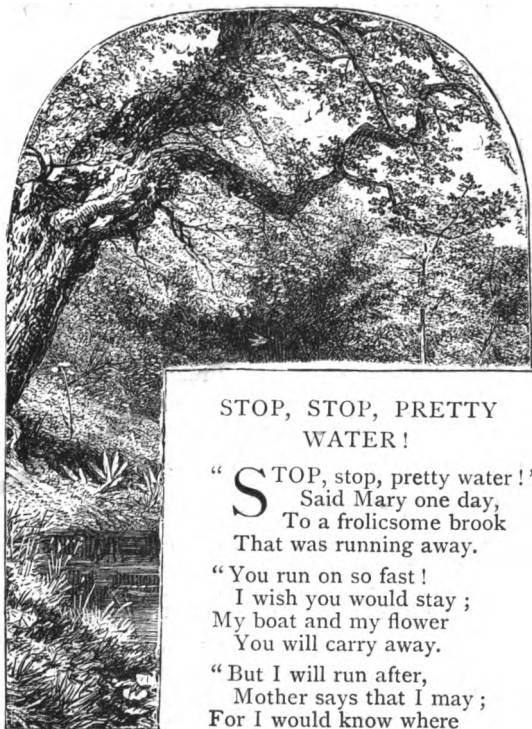
THE CHILD'S OWN

But brought my playthings, every one,
To please her when she cried.
I loved her days, and days, and days,
And still 'twas plain to see
My little sister never thought
Of ever loving me.

One day my father saw the tears,
With which my cheeks were wet,
And told me that the little one
Scarce loved its mother yet ;
But that if I would wait awhile
In patient love, I'd see
How soon its little baby arms
Would learn to cling to me.

Papa was right, for true enough
She loves and kisses now :
I only had to wait until
Mamma had taught her how.
Oh ! don't you think that, after this,
I shall be always good,
And glad to do with all my heart
What mother says I should ?





STOP, STOP, PRETTY
WATER!

“**S**TOP, stop, pretty water!”
Said Mary one day,
To a frolicsome brook
That was running away.

“You run on so fast!
I wish you would stay;
My boat and my flower
You will carry away.

“But I will run after,
Mother says that I may;
For I would know where
You are running away.”

So Mary ran on;
But I have heard say,
That she never could find
Where the brook ran away.

THE DEATH OF JENNY WREN AND
COCK ROBIN.

'T WAS a cold autumn morning when Jenny
Wren died,
Cock Robin sat by for to see,
And when all was over he bitterly cried,
So kind and so loving was he.

He buried her under the little moss-heap
That lies at the foot of the yew,
And by day and by night he sat near her to weep,
Till his feathers were wet with the dew.

"Oh, Jenny, I'm tired of lingering here,
Through the dreary, dark days of November,
And I'm thinking of nothing but you, Jenny dear,
And your loving fond ways I remember ;

"I think how you looked in your little brown suit,
When you said that you'd always be mine ;
With your fan in your hand, how you glanced at the
fruit,
And said you liked cherries and wine.

"I think of the sweet merry days of the spring,
Of the nest that we built both together,
Of the dear little brood nestled under your wing,
And the joys of the warm summer weather."

And as he lamented the rain did down pour,
Till his body was wet through and through ;
And he sang, "Dearest Jenny, my sorrows are o'er,
And I'm coming, my true-love, to you."

So he gathered some brown leaves to lay by her side,
And to pillow his poor weary head,
And sang, "Jenny, my lost one, my fond one, my
bride,"
Till the gallant Cock Robin fell dead.



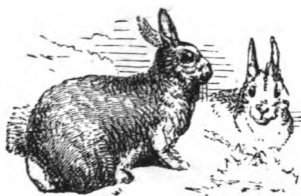
THE LITTLE ANGEL.

RIGHT into our house, one day,
A dear little angel came ;
I ran to him, and said softly,
“ Little angel, what’s your name ? ”

He said not a word in answer,
But smiled a beautiful smile ;
Then I said, “ May I go home with you ?
Shall you go in a little while ? ”

But mamma said, “ Dear little angel,
Don’t leave us ! oh, always stay !
We will all of us love you dearly ;
Sweet angel ! oh, don’t go away ! ”

He stayed and he stayed, and we loved him.
As we could not have loved another.
You want to know what his name is ?
His name is—*my little brother !*



KITTENS AND RABBITS.

EIGHT little rabbits, white as snow,
They close together lay,
And not a single drop of milk
Had wet their lips that day.

For on the straw, as white as they,
But stiff, and dead, and cold,
Lay stretched their mother, poor young thing !
And they not twelve hours old.

In vain we offered them by turns,
Soft bread and milk and meat ;
For the tiny little rabbit pets
Had not yet learned to eat.

Now in a basket, snug and warm,
Beside the kitchen fire,
Our old grey cat lay purring loud,
With four young kittens by her.

“ Would she the starving rabbits nurse ? ”
Said one, “ or would she bite ? ”
Would she give them shelter, keep them warm,
Or drive them off outright ? ”

With caution then we ventured near,
And placed them by her side ;
When lo ! with louder purr of joy,
And quick maternal pride,

She welcomed in each stranger guest,
Each starving, greedy wight,
Who straightway suckled in his turn,
“ And eke with all his might.”

Good Puss ! what dinner, piping hot,
Was cooked that day for you !
You had new milk, you had cold meat,
And good roast turkey too !

How fat they grew, your children all !
How strong and large and stout !
How pleased you were when they began
To follow you about !

How glad, when crowds of people came,
You and your pets to see !
There surely was not in the world
A finer family !

White rabbits sitting on your head,
Or cuddling at your side ;
Grey kittens playing with your tail,
And you so satisfied !

And now, let all who hear this tale,
Its kindly lesson heed,
And, like this cat of cats, become
To all a “ friend in need.”

THE LITTLE GIRL WHO WOULDN'T
SAY PLEASE.

THERE was once a small child who would never
say please,
I believe, if you even went down on your knees ;
But, her arms on the table, would sit at her ease,
And call out to her mother in words such as these,
" I want some potatoes ! " " Give me some peas ! "
" Hand me the butter ! " " Cut me some cheese ! "

So the fairies, this very rude daughter to tease,
Once blew her away in a powerful breeze,
Over the mountains, and over the seas,
To a valley where never a dinner she sees ;
But down with the ants, the wasps, and the bees,
In the woods she must live till she learns to say please.

TROTTY MALONE.

BOYS and girls, come riddle and ravel,
Tell us how you would like to travel.

Crispy, crackly, snow and tingle,
" Give me sleighs ! " said Jenny Jingle.

Stony, bumpy, bang and bolter,
" Give me carts ! " said Johnny Jolter.

Slidy, glidy, jerky, whiffter,
" Give me the train ! " cried Sally Swifter.

Hipetty, cricketty, elegant go,
" Give me a hansom ! " said Benjamin Beau.

" A fig for them all ! " cried Trotty Malone,
" Give me a stout pair of legs of my own ! "



QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

WHO showed the little ant the way
 Her narrow hole to bore,
 And spend the pleasant summer day
 In laying up her store ?

The sparrow builds her clever nest
 Of wool and hay and moss :
 Who told her how to weave it best,
 And lay the twigs across ?

Who taught the busy bee to fly
 Among the sweetest flowers,
 And lay his feast of honey by,
 To eat in winter hours ?

'Twas GOD who showed them all the way,
And gave their little skill,
And teaches children, if they pray,
To do His holy will.

ONLY A FLY.

IT is *only a fly*, so you think at your will
You may frighten and worry, or torture and kill :
Does it never occur to your mind, that the eye
Of God watches over both you and the fly ?

It is only a fly ; but just look at its wings,
As clear as fine crystal ; what light little things !
You will not find the workman, howe'er he may try,
Can match the light wing of that poor little fly.

There, look at him now as he climbs up the wall :
If lifted and left there, how soon we should fall !
But without dread of falling, how firmly he clings
To the wall with his feet ! how he flies with his wings !

Then go, little fly, and unhurt flit away,
And gambol once more in the sun's cheering ray.
We will find something better and wiser to do,
Than harming a poor little insect like you.

CHATTER.

DON'T trust Chatter, who whispers low,
And tells you stories of Prue and Joe ;
Be sure, when he whispers to Joe and Prue,
He'll tell them many a tale of you,



WHAT ARE YOU GOOD FOR?

WHAT are you good for, my brave little man?
 Answer that question for me if you can—
 You with your fingers as white as a nun,
 You with your ringlets as bright as the sun.
 All the day long, with your busy contriving,
 Into all mischief and fun you are driving;
 See if your cute little noddle can tell
 What you are good for. Now, ponder it well.

Over the carpet the dear little feet
 Came with a patter to climb on my seat;
 Two merry eyes, full of frolic and glee
 Under the lashes looked up unto me;
 Two little hands pressing soft on my face,
 Drew me down close in a loving embrace;
 Two rosy lips gave the answer so true,
 "Good to love you, Mamma, good to love you."



"'Tis not fine feathers make fine birds."

'TIS NOT FINE FEATHERS MAKE FINE
BIRDS.

A PEACOCK came, with his plumage gay,
Strutting in regal pride, one day,
Where a small bird hung in a gilded cage,
Whose song might a seraph's ear engage.
The bird sang on, while the peacock stood
Vaunting his plumes to the neighbourhood ;
And the radiant sun seemed not more bright
Than the bird that basked in his golden light ;
But the small bird sang in his own sweet words,
" 'Tis not fine feathers make fine birds !

The Peacock strutted—a bird so fair
Never before had entered there,
While the small bird hung at a cottage door—
And what could a peacock wish for more ?
Alas ! the bird of the rainbow wing,
He wasn't contented, he tried to sing ;
And they who gazed on his beauty bright,
Scared by his screaming, soon took flight ;
While the small bird sang in his own sweet words,
" 'Tis not fine feathers make fine birds ! "

Then prithee take warning, maidens fair,
And still of the peacock's fate beware.
Beauty and wealth won't win you way,
Though they're attired in plumage gay :
Something to charm you all must know,
Apart from fine feathers and outward show ;
A talent, a grace, a gift of mind,
Or else poor beauty is left behind !
While the small birds sing in their own true words,
" 'Tis not fine feathers make fine birds ! "

THE WAY TO BE HAPPY.

A HERMIT there was, and he lived in a grot,
 And the way to be happy they said he had got ;
 As I wanted to learn it, I went to his cell,
 And when I came there the old hermit said, " Well,
 Young man, by your looks, you want something, I see
 Now tell me the business that brings you to me."

" The way to be happy, they say, you have got,
 And as I want to learn it, I've come to your grot.
 Now I beg and entreat, if you *have* such a plan,
 That you'll write it me down, and as plain as you can."
 Upon which the old hermit went in for a pen,
 And brought me this note when he came back again :—

" 'Tis *being*, and *doing*, and *having*, that make
 All the pleasures and pains of which beings partake :
 To *be* what God pleases, to *do* a man's best,
 And to *have* a good heart, *is the way to be blest.*"

TRYING THE TOOTH.

THERE was a shrewd lad of Cooloo,
 Who thought baby's tooth wasn't through.
 Said he, " Though I doubt,
 I will try to find out.
 Baby, bite ! " said the lad of Cooloo.



WHO MADE THEM?

“**M**OTHER, who made the stars which light
The beautiful blue sky?
Who made the moon, so clear and bright,
That rises up so high?”

“ ’Twas God, my child, the glorious One—
He formed them by His power ;
He made alike the brilliant sun
And every leaf and flower.

“ He made your little feet to walk,
Your sparkling eyes to see,
Your busy, prattling tongue to talk,
Your limbs so light and free.

“ He paints each fragrant flower that glows
With loveliness and bloom ;
He gives the violet and the rose
Their beauty and perfume,

" Our various wants His hands supply,
And guard us every hour ;
We're kept beneath His watchful eye,
And guided by His power.

" Then let your little heart, my love,
Its grateful homage pay
To this kind Friend who, from above,
So gently guides your way."

THE SPARROW.

G LAD to see you, little bird,
'Twas your little chirp I heard ;
What did you intend to say ?
" Give me something this cold day ?"

That I will, and plenty too ;
All these crumbs I saved for you :
Don't be frightened—here's a treat ;
I will wait and see you eat.

Shocking tales I hear of you :
Chirp, and tell me, are they true ?
Robbing all the summer long,
Don't you think it very wrong ?

Thomas says you steal his wheat,
John complains his plums you eat,
Choose the ripest for your share,
Never asking whose they are.

But I will not try to know
What you did so long ago :
There's your breakfast—eat away ;
Come and see me every day.

TWINKLE, TWINKLE, LITTLE STAR.

TWINKLE, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder what you are !
Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky.

When the blazing sun is gone,
When he nothing shines upon,
Then you show your little light,
Twinkle, twinkle, all the night.

Then the traveller in the dark
Thanks you for your tiny spark :
He could not see which way to go,
If you did not twinkle so.

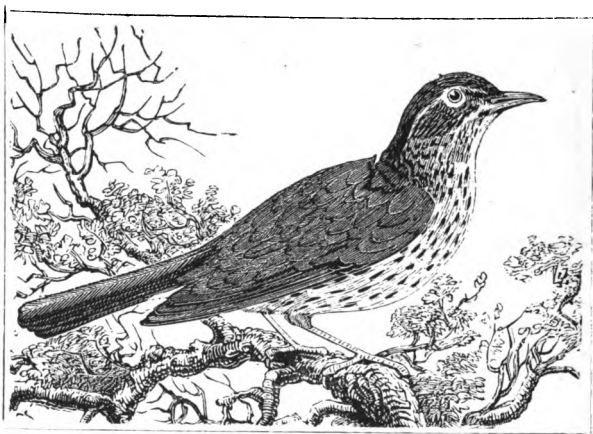
In the dark-blue sky you keep,
And often through my curtains peep ;
For you never shut your eye
Till the sun is in the sky.

As your bright and tiny spark
Lights the traveller in the dark,
Though I know not what you are,
Twinkle, twinkle, little star.

SNOW.

LITTLE white feathers, filling the air,
Little white feathers, how came ye there ?
“ We came from the cloud-birds sailing so high,
They’re shaking their white wings up in the sky.”

Little white feathers, how swift you go !
Little white feathers, I love you so !
“ We are swift because we have work to do ;
But hold up your face, and we’ll kiss you true.”



THE BROWN THRUSH.

THERE'S a merry brown thrush sitting up in the tree,

“He's singing to me ! he's singing to me !”

And what does he say, little girl, little boy ?

“Oh, the world's running over with joy !

Don't you hear ? Don't you see ?

Hush ! Look ! In my tree

I'm as happy as happy can be !”

And the brown thrush keeps singing, “A nest do you see,

And five eggs laid by me in the sycamore tree ?

Don't meddle, don't touch, little girl, little boy,

Or the world will lose some of its joy !

Now I'm glad, now I'm free,

And I always shall be,

If you never bring sorrow to me.”

So the merry brown thrush sings away in the tree,
To you and to me, to you and to me !
And he sings all the day, little girl, little boy,
"Oh, the world's running over with joy."
 But long it won't be,
 Don't you know, don't you see,
Unless we are as good as can be."

THE WIND.

WHICH way does the wind blow?
 Which way does he go?
 He rides over water,
 He rides over snow.

O'er wood and o'er valley,
And o'er rocky height,
Which the goat cannot traverse,
He taketh his flight.

He rages and tosses
 In every bare tree,
As if you look upwards,
 You plainly may see.

But whence he both cometh,
And whither he goes,
There's never a scholar
 In England that knows.

TRY.

DUMPY Dick said, "I can't;"
 Joe said, "By-and-by;"
 Grumpy Jacky said, "I shan't;"
Tommy said, "I'll try."



OUR DOGS.

“ I AM the greyhound, so slim, you know ;
I came from Asia, long, long ago.
In Turkey I’m called the “dog of the street ;”
In Ireland I the wolf can beat ;
In Italy I am a lady’s pet ;
All over the world my race is met.

“ Shaggy and gaunt, a deerhound am I,
Chasing the deer with death in my eye.
Swift, steady, and sure, I follow the trail,
I never tire and I never fail.
To the stately stag no mercy I show,
And little of friendship with man I know.”

"I was born in the kingdom of snow ;
For my mistress deathless love I show.
I'm wayward, and *will* bark evermore,
When friend or foe knocks at the door.
There's fire and love in my soft black eye :
The white and shaggy spitz-dog am I."

"Behold me here, of the bull-dog race,
With short strong jaws and a surly face.
The mighty bull I venture to fight ;
And even the lion dreads my bite.
But, as a breed, we're not very wise,
And not much mind looks out of our eyes."

"I am the Newfoundland, trusty and bold ;
I love the water, and do as I'm told.
I am sometimes rough in my bounding play,
Please to excuse it, 'tis only my way ;
And many a life I've been known to save
From the cruel depths of the treacherous wave."

"The Spaniel am I; in Spain I'm found,
But in every land I have been renowned.
I am always faithful, docile, and wise ;
I have silken hair and beautiful eyes.
You may treat me well, or treat me ill,
But while I live I will love you still."

"Black and tan Terrier ! Yes, I am one,
Bold, handsome, and faithful—brimful of fun !
A hundred rats lie slain in a day ;
From earth retreats I drive out my prey,
And so it happens from *terra*, earth,
(An old Latin word,) my name has birth."

"I am the Mastiff—a watch-dog true,
Many a noble deed I do.
I am sometimes yellow, and sometimes white,
And my bay sounds far through the silent night.

I've fought the lion, and conquered the bear ;
My friends I protect—let my foes beware !”

“ My name is Barry, of the St. Bernard ;
When the snows drift deep and the wind blows
hard,
You may hear my bark, and see me flying,
To guide the lost and rescue the dying.
Although I wear no collar of gold,
All over the world my praise is told.”

“ I, the Irish Wolf-dog, next appear,
With my pointed nose and ears so queer.
I guard the meek sheep by hills and vales,
And keep them safe when the wolf assails ;
As much as the shepherd's dog I know,
And I'm stronger far to fight the foe.”

“ I am the dog of the Esquimaux,
I drag their sledges over the snow ;
I can run and leap ; I laugh at the cold ;
I'm kind and true, and I'm strong and bold.
In icebound huts with my masters I dwell ;
I toil for them, and they love me well.”



THE NEST IN THE OLD GREEN TREE.

TWO little robins in springtime gay
Talked about making a nest one day,
So snug and so warm, so cosey and neat,
To start in their housekeeping all complete.
“Chippety, chippety, chippety wee,
We'll build us a nest in the old green tree.”

Then how they twittered and how they sang,
As up and down in the boughs they sprang,
Peeping and spying all round about,
To find the cunningest corners out,
Because it must be, you see, you see,
The very best spot in the old green tree.

At last the two little birdies spied
The very best spot in the branches wide,
Cunningly sheltered, and hidden from view,
By a spreading branch, yet airy too.
“Chippety, chippety, chippety wee,
What a home we'll have in the old green tree !”

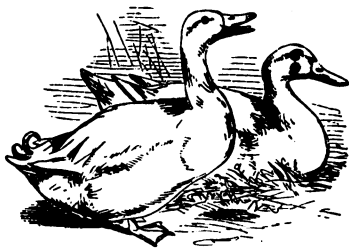
How they went flitting all in and out !
How they both twittered and chirped about !
First they laid nice little twigs along
For a good foundation, firm and strong ;
Then Papa Robin, said he, “ I'll find
Something or other our nest to bind ;
For, don't you see, it must be, must be
A good strong nest in the old green tree.”

Down to the meadow he quickly flew,
Where the grass was springing fresh and new,
And said to a horse which was feeding there,
“ Good Dobbin, I want some nice strong hair,
If you don't object, from your wavy tail ;
It's better for me than hammer and nail ;

And we'll sing you a song in glee, in glee,
As we build our nest in the old green tree."

With a whinny, good Dobbin gave consent,
And back to the tree busy Robin went,
And worked at the nest with claws and bill,
To bind it up tight with right good will.
And now Mrs. Redbreast downward flies;
A staid old cow in the field she spies,
Swinging her tail with a lazy care,
To switch off the flies she thought were there.
"Good Mrs. Brindle, I would bespeak
Some nice soft hair from your back so sleek;
I pray you give it to me, to me,
To line my nest in the old green tree."

So the saucy bird, without more ado,
Just helped herself, and then upward flew,
Leaving with Robin her treasure red,
And down to the barn-yard lightly sped.



The turkeys and ducks and chicks came round
As soon as they heard the cheery sound
Of madame's "chirp"; and they all agreed
To give her what feathers she might need.
Then who so happy as she, as she,
When she flew back to the old green tree?

And, last of all, to an old white sheep
Down under a beech-tree, half asleep,
Our Robin drew near, and there he spied
A bonnie lambkin close at her side.
“ I’d thank you, ma’am, for some nice soft wool
From your back so fleecy, white, and full,
So that our nest it may be, may be,
All snug and warm in the old green tree.”

Then sheep and lamb, in plentiful store,
Gave, till Robin could carry no more ;
Who, soon returning with downy spoils,
Betook himself to his happy toils.
Then they both labour so merry and fast,
That each little corner is finished at last,
And no one ever did see, did see
A nest like that in the old green tree.

Five little blue eggs very soon were there,
And Madame Redbreast could hardly spare
A moment, for fear that the precious things
Should miss the warmth of her sheltering wings.
And when, in good time, each dear little bird
Hatched out, one by one, you never have heard
Such “ chippety, chippety, chippety wee,”
As up in the nest in the old green tree !

A KISS FOR THE DAISY.

LIFT up your face, little daisy, pray ;
I can’t stand here in the grass all day :
Jamie sent me, and Jamie is sick ;
He says you are far too sweet to pick,
But he gave me something to give to you,
So hold up your cheek, little daisy, do.



THE TREASURE.

OH, Harry, come hither, and lay down your book,
And see what a treasure I've found! only look!
'Tis as handsome a kitten as ever you saw,
Equipped like a cat, with tail, whisker, and claw.
See, here it is, ready for pastime and freak,
Though it looks at this moment so sober and meek;
Yes, Harry, examine it over and over,
'Tis really the kitten no one could discover!

Oh, Kit, we have sought you above and below;
We have gone where a mouser never could go;
We have hunted in garrets with diligent care,
In chambers and closets—but you were not there;
We have been in dark corners, with lanterns to see,
We've peeped in the hayloft, if there you might be,
And the parlour and kitchen we've searched through
and through,
And listened in vain for your musical mew.

And who would have thought that a sensible puss,
As your mother is deemed, would have harassed us
thus,

As to bury you here in this odd little den ?
But you never, my Kit, shall be buried again ;
You shall go to the parlour, and sit on the hearth,
And there we will laugh at your frolicsome mirth ;
You shall caper about on the warm kitchen floor,
And in the hot sunshine shall bask at the door.

You shall have a round cork at the end of a string
Tied up to the table, you grey little thing !
You shall twirl round and round, like a brisk windmill
sail,

You poor little simpleton, after your tail ;
And jump in affright from a shade on the wall,
And spring like a tiger at nothing at all ;
While my father will lay his old book on his knee,
And my mother look up from her knitting to see.

I am glad we have found you before you were wise,
And had learnt all a kitten's arch ways to despise ;
Before you grew sober, demure, and all that,
Adhered to grave rules, like a well-behaved cat.
Come, Kitty, we'll take you this same afternoon,
And show you about like a man in the moon.
There down in your basket, we'll cover you so,
And ask but a pin for a peep at the show.





THE TREASURE.

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We've peeped in the hayloft, if there you might be,
And the parlour and kitchen we've searched through,
and through,
And listened in vain for your musical mew.

BOOK OF JEREMIAH

And who would have thought
 As your mother is, so shall you be
 Thus,
 As to bury you, I have thought
 But you never, my son, shall be
 You shall go to the land
 And there shall you be
 You shall never see
 And in the land of the living
 You shall never see
 Tied up with the living
 You shall never see
 And you shall never see
 And you shall never see
 Wine and strong drink
 And you shall never see
 I am glad when I see
 And you shall never see
 Before you go to the land
 Adversaries shall be to you
 Come, you shall never see
 And you shall never see
 There shall never be
 And you shall never see

But now it is night—they are waiting for you.

The Mooly Cow only said, "Moo-o-o!"

Mooly Cow, Mooly Cow, where do you go,
When all the green pastures are covered with snow?
You go to the barn, and we feed you with hay,
And the maid goes to milk you there every day;
She pats you, she loves you, she strokes your sleek
hide,

She speaks to you kindly, and sits by your side;
Then come along home, pretty Mooly Cow, do.

The Mooly Cow only said, "Moo-o-o."

Mooly Cow, Mooly Cow, whisking your tail;
The milkmaid is waiting, I say, with her pail;
She tucks up her petticoat, tidy and neat,
And places the three-legged stool for her seat;
What can you be staring at, Mooly? you know
That we ought to have gone home an hour ago.
How dark it is growing! Oh, what shall I do?

The Mooly Cow only said, "Moo-o-o!"



AN EVENING PRAYER.

BEFORE I close my eyes in sleep,
I ord, hear my evening prayer,
And deign a helpless child to keep
With Thy protecting care.

Though young in years, I have been taught
Thy name to love and fear :
Of Thee to think with solemn thought,
Thy goodness to revere.

That goodness gives each simple flower
Its scent and beauty too,
And feeds it in night's darkest hour
With heaven's refreshing dew.

Nor will Thy mercy less delight
The infant's God to be,
Who, through the darkness of the night,
For safety trusts to Thee.

The little birds that sing all day
In many a leafy wood,
By Thee are clothed with plumage gay,
By Thee supplied with food.

And when at night they cease to sing,
By Thee protected still,
Their young ones sleep beneath their wing,
Secure from every ill.

Thus may'st Thou guard with gracious arm
The bed whereon I lie,
And keep a child from every harm
By Thy all-watchful eye.

For night and day to Thee are one,
The helpless are Thy care,
And for the sake of Thy dear Son
Thou hear'st my childish prayer.

A LITTLE CHILD'S THANKS.

I THANK the goodness and the grace
Which on my birth have smiled,
And made me, in these Christian days,
A happy English child.

I was not born as thousands are,
Where God was never known ;
And taught to pray a useless prayer
To blocks of wood and stone.

I was not born a little slave,
Beneath a burning sun,
To wish I were but in the grave,
And all my labour done.

I was not born without a home,
Or in some broken shed,
A gipsy baby, taught to roam,
And steal my daily bread.

My God, I thank Thee, who hast planned
A better lot for me,
And placed me in this happy land,
Where I may hear of Thee.

PLAY WITH A WILL.

SPINNING your top, don't let it flop, boys ;
Flying your kite, pull with your might, boys ;
Rolling your hoop, never you stoop, boys ;
Either stand still, or play with a will.



MOOLY COW.

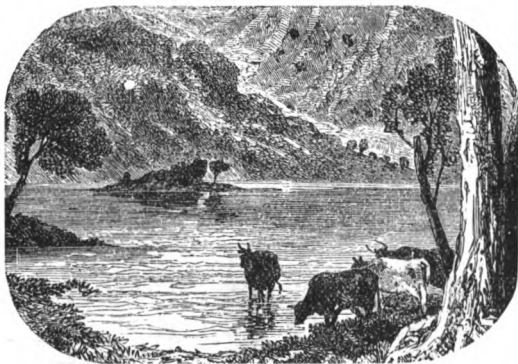
MOOLY Cow, Mooly Cow,
home from the wood,
They sent me to fetch
you as fast as I could.

The sun has gone down—it is
time to go home ;

Mooly Cow, Mooly Cow, why
don't you come ?

The milk pail is empty, the milkmaid is there,
And the children all waiting their supper to share.
I have let the long bars down ; why don't you pass
through ?

The Mooly Cow only said, " Moo-o-o ! "



Mooly Cow, Mooly Cow, have you not been
Regaling all day where the pastures are green ?
No doubt it was pleasant, dear Mooly, to see
The clear running brook and the wide-spreading tree,
The clover and ash, and the streamlet to wade,
To drink the cool water and lie in the shade ;



THE FAIRIES.

THEY came to earth in a fleecy cloud,
And climbed to heaven on the rainbow's rim ;
In the sweet sea-breeze they laughed aloud,
And sighed in the forest cool and dim.

They climbed high up in the apple-tree,
And shook the young in the robin's nest,
And then, as frightened as they could be,
Hid under the brooding mother's breast.

She never knew that the sprites were there,
She thought that only her young ones stirred,
And piped a tremulous motherly air,
To comfort the heart of each little bird.

Each fairy then a great bumble-bee caught,
And threatened his life if he let her fall ;
And so, on their buzzing steeds, they sought
The homes of mortals in cottage and hall.

There they went softly from door to door,
From lowly cottage to lofty hall,
From baby rolling upon the floor,
To grandma winding her knitting-ball.

To every mortal a fairy spoke,
In tones that nobody else could hear,
And sullen looks into sunshine broke,
And saddened voices grew full of cheer.

The grandmother's heart went back to youth,
The child sewed gaily her tiresome seam,
The maiden thought of her lover's truth,
And the baby smiled in a happy dream.

And then the sprites, a loving band,
As shadows lengthened and grew more deep,
Took each a tired baby's hand,
And led her into the Land of Sleep.

MARY'S LITTLE LAMB.

MARY had a little lamb,
Its fleece was white as snow ;
And everywhere that Mary went,
The lamb was sure to go.

He followed her to school one day—
That was against the rule ;
It made the children laugh and play,
To see a lamb at school.

So the teacher turned him out,
But still he lingered near,
And waited patiently about,
Till Mary did appear.

Then he ran to her, and laid
His head upon her arm,
As if he said, I'm not afraid ;
You'll keep me from all harm.

"What makes the lamb love Mary so?"
The eager children cry.
"Oh, Mary loves the lamb, you know,"
The teacher did reply.

And you each gentle animal
In confidence may bind,
And make them follow at your will,
If you are only kind.

WHAT SHALL WE TAKE TO LONDON?

WHAT shall we take to London?
Tell me, my baby, pray.
We must take our eyes to see with,
And take our ears to ear with,
And take our feet to run with,
And take our arms to hug with,
And a how d'ye do?
How *do* you do?
And how are you all to-day?

BUTTERCUP SONG.

BRIGHT little buttercup, now you will show
Whether my darling likes butter or no.
Buttercup, buttercup, will you begin?
Show me an answer under her chin.



GOOD DOGGIE.

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THE BLIND BOY.

O H ! say, what is that thing called light,
Which I must ne'er enjoy ?
What are the blessings of the sight ?
Oh ! tell a poor Blind Boy !

You talk of wondrous things you *see* :
You say the sun shines bright ;
I feel him warm, but how can he
Or make it day or night ?

My day or night myself I make
Whene'er I sleep or play ;
And could I always keep awake,
With me 'twere always day.

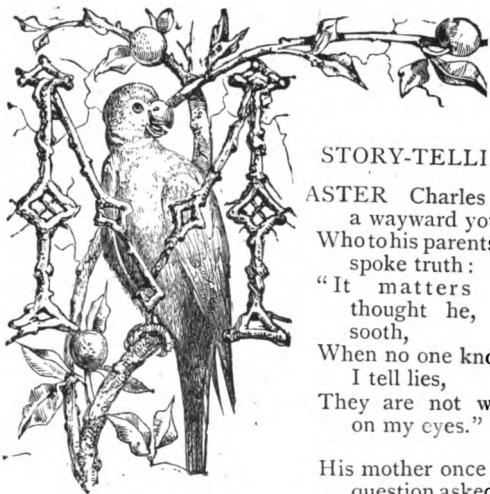
With heavy sighs I often hear
You mourn my hapless woe ;
But sure with patience I can bear
A loss I ne'er can know.

Then let not what I cannot have
My cheer of mind destroy ;
While thus I sing, I am a king,
Although a poor Blind Boy.

GOOD PUSSY AND DOGGY.

I F Pussy were made of leather,
And Doggy were made of wood,
I'd tumble them both together,
And never think they were good.

But Pussy is warm and tender,
And Doggy is good and true ;
So I'd rather far defend her,
And Doggy, too, wouldn't you ?



STORY-TELLING.

ASTER Charles was
 a wayward youth,
 Who to his parents ne'er
 spoke truth :
 "It matters not,"
 thought he, "for-
 sooth,
 When no one knows, if
 I tell lies,
 They are not written
 on my eyes."

His mother once some
 question asked,

And artful Charles his cunning tasked ;
 When loud the parrot chuckling cried,
 "You little rogue ! May woe betide !
 For, Charley, you've been fibbing !"

Then from the corner comes the cat,
 And gives mamma a gentle pat ;
 "Good lady, he's deceiving you,"
 She purrs aloud, "Mew, mew, mew, mew !
 For Charley has been fibbing !"

Downstairs now frightened Charley steals,
 As though ten cats were at his heels ;
 When by his clothes Tray seizes him,
 And cries, "Bow-wow !" in accents grim,
 "Fie, Charley, you've been fibbing !"



Then both with shame and anger red,
That e'en the cocks and hens upbraid,
He seeks the garden's safe retreat ;
But twittering birds there cry, " Tweet, tweet !
Fie, Charley, you've been fibbing ! "

He runs at last from out the town,
And near a village sits him down ;
But even there a fly soon comes,
Which buzzes round his nose, and hums,
" Fie, Charley, you've been fibbing ! "

He now the whole wide world runs round,
But rest for him is nowhere found ;
Go where he will, his ears still greet,
" Mew, mew—bow-wow—buzz-buzz—tweet, tweet !
Fie, Charley, you've been fibbing ! "

A SONG OF A DOLL.

I ONCE had a sweet little doll, dears,
The prettiest doll in the world ;
Her cheeks were so red and so white, dears,
And her hair was so charmingly curled.
But I lost my poor little doll, dears,
As I played in the heath one day ;
And I cried for more than a week, dears,
But I never could find where she lay.



I found my poor little doll, dears,
As I played on the heath one day ;
Folk say she is terribly changed, dears,
For her paint is all washed away,
And her arms trodden off by the cows, dears,
And her hair not the least bit curled,
Yet for old sake's sake, she is still, dears,
The prettiest doll in the world.



THE CLUCKING HEN.

“**W**ILL you take a walk with me,
My little wife, to-day?
There’s barley in the barley-fields,
And hay-seed in the hay.”

“Thank you,” said the clucking hen ;
“I’ve something else to do ;
I’m busy sitting on my eggs,
I cannot walk with you.”

“Cluck, cluck, cluck, cluck !”
Said the clucking hen ;

“My little chicks will soon be hatched,
I’ll think about it then.”

Crack, crack, went all the eggs,
Out dropped the chickens small !

"Cluck," said the clucking hen,
"Now I have you all.

"Come along, my little chicks,
I'll take a walk with *you*."
"Hallo!" said the barn-door cock,
"Cock-a-doodle-do!"

MY MOTHER'S NAME IS MOTHER DEAR.

THE chill November day was done,
The working world home-faring;
The wind came roaring through the streets,
And set the gas lights flaring,
And hopelessly and aimlessly
The scared old leaves were flying—
When, mingled with the moaning wind
I heard a small voice crying.

And, shivering in the corner, stood
A child of four or over;
No cloak or hat her small soft arms
And wind-blown curls to cover.
Her dimpled face was stained with tears,
Her round blue eyes ran over;
She cherished in her little hand
A bunch of faded clover.

And, one hand round her treasure, while
She slipped in mine the other,
Half-scared, half-confidential, said,
"Oh! please, I want my mother."
"Tell me your street and number, pet;
Don't cry—I'll take you to it."
Sobbing, she answered, "I forget—
The organ made me do it.

"He came and played a pretty tune,
The monkey took the money ;
I followed down the street because
That monkey was so funny.
I've walked about a hundred hours
From one street to another,
The monkey's gone—I've spoilt my flowers :
Oh ! please I want my mother."

"But what's your mother's name ? and what
The street ? Now think a minute."

"My mother's name is Mother Dear,
The street—I can't begin it."

"But what is strange about the house,
Or new—not like the others ?"

"I think you mean my little bed,
Mine and my little brother's.

Oh, dear ! I ought to be at home
To help him say his prayers ;
He's such a baby, he forgets,
And we are both such players ;
And there's a bar between to keep
From pitching on each other,
For Harry rolls when he's asleep.
Oh, dear ! I want my mother !"

The sky grew stormy—people passed,
All muffled, homeward faring.

"You'll have to come to-night with me,"
I said at last, despairing.

I tied a kerchief round her neck :

"What ribbon's this, my blossom ?"

"Why don't you know ?" she smiling said,
And drew it from her bosom.

A card with number, street, and name,
My eyes astonished met it ;

"For," said the little one, "you see
I might some time forget it,

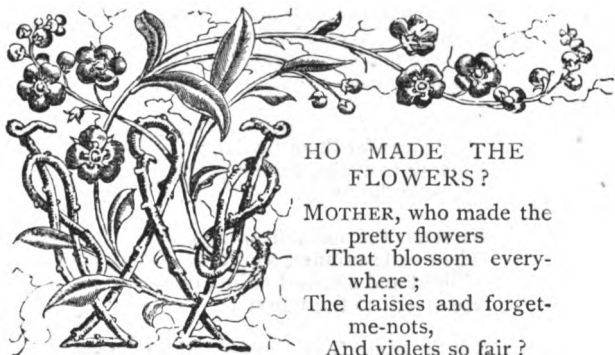
And so I wear a little thing
That tells you all about it,
For mother says she's very sure
I should get lost without it."

MOUSIE'S MISTAKE.

ONE morning Miss Mousie was playing her pranks
Around her beloved mamma,
They were safe in their snug little hole of a home,
And thought not of bolt nor of bar.
Now, mother-mouse thought it was time for her child
At her work to be taking a share,
So she started her off on a foraging tour,
And told her of cats to beware.

"In the pantry above there is plenty of food,
Now creep softly up to the door ;
See the cake ? See the pie ? Now quickly leap through
This nice little hole in the floor.
Look out for the cat, look out for the boys,
And if you espy any cheese,
Remember your mammy, you dear little mouse,
And bring me a bit, if you please ! "

So up Mousie crept, and her two little eyes
Were sparkling with eager delight,
"Such a glorious nibble as now I will have !
I never beheld such a sight !
But see, here's a nice little bit in this box,
Here close by the hole in the floor"—
One spring, and one squeak ! ah ! down that sly hole
Poor Mousie will never creep more !



HO MADE THE FLOWERS?

MOTHER, who made the
pretty flowers
That blossom every-
where ;
The daisies and forget-
me-nots,
And violets so fair ?

Who made the golden buttercups,
That in the meadows grow,
The bright-eyed little heart's-ease too,
And lilies white as snow ?

Who made the wild red columbines,
And filled each tiny cup
With honey, which the little bees
So daintily sip up ?

Who made the fragrant clover fields,
That drink the summer showers ?
It must have taken very long
To make so many flowers !

Mother, who keeps the flowers alive,
And clothes them every day ?
Who watches over them by night,
To keep all harm away ?

“ ’Twas God, my child, who formed the flowers
So lovely and so fair,
And they, with all His hand hath made,
His kind protection share.

"He formed each leaf and opening bud,
With skill so nice and true,
And gave to some a golden tint,
To some a violet hue.

"God shields the tender flowers by night,
And cares for them by day ;
He giveth to each different plant
Its beautiful array.

"He sends the soft refreshing rain,
The gentle summer showers ;
And light and air, and falling dew,
He giveth to the flowers.

"'Tis the same God who formed the flowers
Makes my sweet child His care !
Then daily raise thine infant heart
To Him in grateful prayer."

FLOWERS.

MY little one came, and brought me a flower,
Never a sweeter one grew ;
But it faded and faded in one short hour,
And lost all its pretty blue.

My little one stayed in the room and played,
And so my flower bloomed bright—
My beautiful blossom, she did not fade,
But slept in my arms all night.

THE OLD KITCHEN CLOCK.

LISTEN to the kitchen clock !
To itself it ever talks,
From its place it never walks,
“Tick-tock—tick tock,”
Tell me what it says.

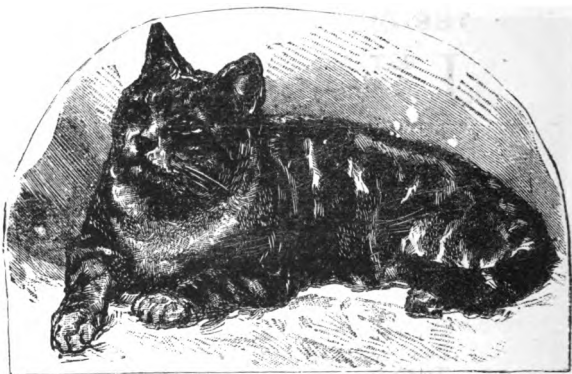
“I’m a very patient clock,
Never moved by hope or fear,
Though I’ve stood for many a year ;
Tick-tock—tick-tock,”
That is what it says.

“I’m a very truthful clock,
People say, about the place,
Truth is written on my face ;
Tick-tock—tick-tock,”
That is what it says.

“I’m a very active clock,
For I go while you’re asleep,
Though you never take a peep ;
Tick-tock—tick-tock,”
That is what it says.

“I’m a most obliging clock :
If you want to hear me strike,
You may do it when you like,
Tick-tock—tick-tock,”
That is what it says.

What a talkative old clock !
Let us see what it will do,
When the pointer reaches two—
“Ding-ding !—tick-tock,”
That is what it says.



PUSSY'S DREAM.

AS she lay alone on the rug asleep,
As she lay alone in the gleaming,
(For the firelight played on her soft, soft fur,)
Dear Pussy fell quietly dreaming.

She dreamed a sweet dream, oh, such a sweet dream,
As she lay asleep never stirring,
Her head on her paws, her paws on the rug,
That for very delight she lay purring.

She dreamed she had gone to some beautiful place,
Where daylight was ruddy and glowing,
For the glorious gleam of the fire-heat shone
In woods where the beech-trees were growing.

'Twas gleaming and warm, and the wee birds sang,
And never flew off at her coming:
The moss was warm to her delicate paws,
Grasshoppers were temptingly humming.

A pond of sweet milk in the warm glow shone,
The grass was all covered with cats' meat,
And hark ! ah, listen, up through the hot air,
Came a sound as of hurrying rats' feet !

Now I cannot tell you, oh, I cannot tell,
If it came from some great forest fire,
That the wood was glowing, the beech-tree red,
And all just as this cat could desire.

But it seems to me, yes, it seems to me,
That the dream sweet pussy was dreaming,
Was a mixture of supper, her game in the wood,
And the firelight's cosy, bright gleaming.

Be that as it may, like you and like me,
She was glad as long as it lasted,
And lapping the milk-pond, munching the meat,
Forgot that she ever had fasted.

And pretty it was in the good green wood,
Where the sweet, sweet dickies were singing,
To see in the glow her little two cats,
In merry fun dancing and springing.

Her little own cats, the babies she loved,
With their wee paws and tiny round faces,
They'd stolen them once, but here, here they were,
In that brightest of warm bright places.

She watched their play with her motherly eyes,
Was longing to lick them all over,
But feared lest deep in some doubtful shade
Lurked her old doggish enemy, Rover.

When all, all at once in the midst of her dream
She felt herself suddenly shaken,
Unwilling to leave all the brightness behind,
Yet forced all the same to awaken.

For sleeping away while the world went round,
(And she cared for the world not a fiddle,)
A small, wee person had come to the rug,
And now took her up by the middle.

Poor puss ! her nap was over and done,
And the sweet, glad dream she was dreaming,
Her little own cats, and their merry play,
And the warm wood light that was beaming.

Her fond young mistress was sweet and good,
'Twas sweet in her pinafore lying,
To look in her face, and purr her soft thanks,
But this was a little bit trying ;

Waked sudden from sleep, no time for a stretch,
No wonder she'd shudder and wink so !
And so the next time we find pussy asleep,
Better leave her to dream—Don't you think so ?

THE KITTEN IN THE SLIPPER.

GRANDPAPA'S new slipper
Lying on the rug ;
Little saucy kitty-cat
Thinks it wondrous snug.

Humpy little grey back,
Arched above the toes ;
Does she think she's out of sight
If she hides her nose ?



TWICE ONE IS TWO.

TWO little girls are better than one,
Two little boys can double the fun,
Two little birds can build a fine nest,
Two little arms can love mother best.
Two little pockets has my little man,
Two little hands which will catch all he can,
Two little eyes to open and close,
Two little ears and one little nose,
Two little elbows dimpled and sweet,
Two little shoes on two little feet,
Two little lips and one small chin,
Two little cheeks with a rose shut in,
Two little shoulders, chubby and strong,
Two little legs running all day long.
Two little prayers does my darling say,
Twice does he kneel by my side each day,
Two little folded hands, soft and brown,
Two little eyelids cast meekly down ;
And two little angels guard him in bed,
“ One at the foot and one at the head.”

WHAT A CHILD MAY DO.

SUPPOSE the little cowslip should hang its golden
cup,
And say, "I'm such a tiny flower, I'd better not
grow up ;"

How many a weary traveller would miss its fragrant
smell,

How many a little child would grieve to lose it from
the dell.

Suppose the glistening dewdrop upon the grass should
say,

"What can a little dewdrop do? I'd better roll away."
The blade on which it rested, before the day was done,
Without a drop to moisten it, would wither in the sun.

Suppose the little breezes, upon a summer's day,
Should think themselves too small to cool the traveller
on his way.

Who would not miss the smallest and the softest one
that blow,

And think they made a great mistake, if they were
talking so?

How many deeds of kindness a little child may do,
Although it has so little strength and little wisdom too!
It wants a loving spirit much more than strength to
prove

How many things a child may do for others by its
love.

HOME TO MOTHER.

BIRDIES with broken wings
Hide from each other ;
But babies in trouble
Can run home to mother.

THE WOODEN HORSE.

A REAL horse is good,
But a horse made of wood
Is a much better horsey for me ;
For he need not be tied,
And he's steady beside,
And never gets lazy, you see.

When pulled, he will go,
And he stops when you "Whoa !"
For he always is willing to please.
And though you may stay
By the water all day,
Not once for a drink will he tease.

Not a handful of feed,
All his life does he need,
And he never wants brushing or combing :
And after a race
All over the place,
He never stands panting and foaming.

He doesn't heed flies,
Though they light on his eyes ;
Bluebottles and gnats he won't mind ;
And he never will shy,
Though a hare whizzes by,
But always is gentle and kind.

A real horse some day
Will be running away ;
A donkey is so apt to kick,
A goat will upset you,
A doggie will fret you ;
Your wooden horse hasn't a trick.

No chance of a crash
Or a runaway smash,
Though never so playful and free.
Oh ! I like when I drive
To be brought home alive,
So a fine wooden horsey for me !

THE QUEEN OF THE ROSES.

“ **W**HICH is the Queen of the Roses ?
Gardener, can you tell ? ”
“ Oh ! the Queen of the Roses to me, sir,
Is my own little grandchild Nell.

“ She waters the flowers for me, sir,
She carries them out to sell ;
Not one is so bright to me, sir,
As my own little grandchild Nell.

“ She works in my garden too, sir,
She weeds in the shady dell ;
Where the violets and the lilies
Blossom around my Nell.

“ I love the flowers I’ve tended
More years than I can tell ;
Geranium, sweet-pea, fuchsia,
Jessamine, gentianelle ;

“ Salvia, and china aster,
Heliotrope, heather bell ;
My flowers have been my treasures,
Next to my grandchild Nell.

"But the Rose is the Queen of the Flowers,
As every one can tell,
And *she* is the Queen of the Roses,
My own granddaughter Nell."

LADY-BIRD, FLY AWAY HOME.

O H, lady-bird, lady-bird, why do you roam
So far from your children, so far from your
home?

Why do you who can revel all day in the air,
And the sweets of the grove and the garden can share,
In the fold of a leaf who can find a green bower,
And a palace enjoy in the tube of a flower,

Ah! why, simple lady-bird, why do you venture,
The dwellings of man so familiar to enter?
Too soon you may find that your trust is misplaced,
When by some cruel child you are wantonly chased,
And your bright scarlet coat, so bespotted with black,
Is torn by his barbarous hands from your back.

Ah! then you'll regret you were tempted to rove
From the tall climbing hop, or the hazel's thick grove,
And will fondly remember each arbour and tree,
Where lately you wandered contented and free.
Then fly, simple lady-bird! fly away home,
No more from your nest and your children to roam.

WHO IS THIS?

H E came behind me, and covered my eyes,
"Who is this?" growled he so sly,
"You troublesome Johnny, how can I tell,
When my eyes are shut?" said I.



OLD JACK, THE DONKEY.

OLD Jack was as sleek and well-looking an ass
As ever on common munched thistle or grass ;
And though 'twas not gaudy, that jacket of brown
Was the pet of the young and the pride of the town.

And, indeed, he might well look so comely and trim,
When his young master Joe was so gentle to him ;
For never did child more affection beget,
Than was felt by young Joe for this four-footed pet.

Joe groomed him, and fed him, and each market-day,
Would talk to his darling the whole of the way ;
And Jack before dawn would be pushing the door,
As though he would say, " Up, Joe, slumber no more."

One day Jack was wandering along the roadside,
When a mischievous urchin the donkey espied,
And aiming too surely at Jack a sharp stone,
It struck the poor beast just below the shin-bone.

Joe soothed and caressed him, and coaxed him, until
They came to a stream by the side of a hill,
And with the cool water he washed the swelled limb,
And after this fashion kept talking to him :—

“ Poor Jack ! did he pelt him—the coward so sly ?
I wish I’d been there with my stick standing by !
It doesn’t bleed now—’twill be well in a trice ;
There, let me just wash it : now isn’t it nice ? ”

And Jack nestled down with his soft velvet nose
As close as he could under Joe’s ragged clothes ;
And he looked at his master, as though he would say,
“ I’m sure I can never your kindness repay.”

THE BLIND GIRL.

IT is not that I cannot see
The birds and flowers of spring ;
’Tis not that beauty seems to me
A dreamy unknown thing ;
It is not that I cannot mark
The blue and star-set sky,
Nor ocean’s foam, nor mountain’s peak,
That thus I weep and sigh.

They tell me that the birds whose notes
Fall full upon mine ear,
Are not all beautiful to sight,
Though sweet their songs to hear.
They tell me that the gayest flowers
Which sunshine ever brings,
Are not the ones I know so well,
But strange and scentless things.

My little brother leads me forth
To where the violets grow ;
His gentle, light, yet careful step
And tiny hand I know.
My mother's voice is soft and sweet,
Like music on my ear ;
The very atmosphere seems love,
When these to me are near.

My father twines his arms around,
And draws me to his breast,
To kiss the poor blind helpless girl
He says he loves the best.
'Tis then I ponder unknown things,
It maybe, weep or sigh,
And think how glorious it must be
To meet affection's eye.

A NEW YEAR.

I T'S coming, boys,
It's almost here ;
It's coming, girls,
The grand New Year !
A year to be glad in,
Not to be bad in ;
A year to live in,
To gain and give in ;
A year for trying,
And not for sighing ;
A bright new year,
Oh ! hold it dear ;
For God who sendeth,
He only lendeth.



BYE, BABY.

BYE, baby ; night is come,
 And the sun is going home,
 Bye, baby, bye !
 All the flowers have shut their eyes ;
 On the grass a shadow lies ;
 Bye, baby, bye !

Bye, baby ; birds are sleeping ;
 One by one the stars are peeping ;
 Bye, baby, bye !
 In the far-off sky they twinkle,
 While the cows come tinkle, tinkle ;
 Bye, baby, bye !

Bye, baby ; mother holds thee ;
 Loving, tender care enfolds thee ;
 Bye, baby, bye !
 Angels in thy dreams caress thee,
 Through the darkness guard and bless thee ;
 Bye, baby, bye !

THE ROSE.

THE rose had been washed, just washed in a
shower,
Which Mary to Anna conveyed ;
The plentiful moisture encumbered the flower,
And weighed down its beautiful head.

The cup was all filled, and the leaves were all wet,
And it seemed to a fanciful view
To weep for the buds it had left with regret
On the flourishing bush where it grew.

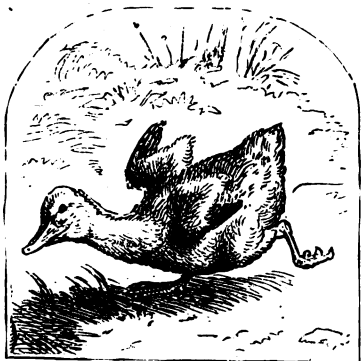
I hastily seized it, unfit as it was
For a nosegay, so dripping and drowned,
And swinging it rudely, too rudely, alas !
I snapped it—it fell to the ground.

And such, I exclaimed, is the pitiless part
Some act by the delicate mind,
Regardless of wringing and breaking a heart
Already to sorrow resigned.

This elegant rose, had I shaken it less,
Might have bloomed with its owner awhile :
And the tear that is wiped with a little address,
May be followed, perhaps, by a smile.

THE FLYING STAR.

WHAT is the moon a-spying
Out of her half-shut eye ?
One of her stars went flying
Around the broad blue sky.



THE -BABY DUCKS.

ONE little black duck, one little gray,
 Six little white ducks, running out to play ;
 One white lady duck, motherly and trim,
 Eight little baby ducks, bound for a swim !
 One little white duck, holding up its wings,
 One little bobbing duck, making water-rings,
 One little black duck, turning round its head,
 One big black duck—guess he's gone to bed.
 One little white duck, running from the water,
 One very fat duck—pretty little daughter !
 One very brave duck, swimming off alone,
 One little white duck, standing on a stone,
 One little white duck, walking by its mother,
 Look among the water reeds, maybe there's another.

Not another anywhere ? surely you are blind !
 Push away the grass, dear, ducks are hard to find.
 I think the other duck's the nicest duck of all,
 He hasn't any feathers, and his mouth is sweet and
 small ;

He runs with a light step, and jumps upon my knee,
And though he cannot swim, he is very dear to me.
One white lady duck, motherly and trim ;
Eight little baby ducks, bound for a swim ;
One large black duck, taking quite a nap ;
One little precious duck, here on mamma's lap.

I MUST NOT TEASE MY MOTHER.

I MUST not tease my mother,
For she is very kind ;
And everything she says to me
I must directly mind ;
For when I was a baby,
And could not speak or walk,
She let me in her bosom sleep,
And taught me how to talk.

I must not tease my mother ;
And when she likes to read,
Or has the headache, I will step
Most silently indeed :
I will not choose a noisy play,
Nor trifling troubles tell,
But sit down quiet by her side,
And try to make her well.

I must not tease my mother ;
I've heard dear father say,
When I was in my cradle sick,
She nursed me night and day ;
She lays me in my little bed,
She gives me clothes and food,
And I have nothing else to pay
But trying to be good.



DOLLY.

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I must not tease my mother,
 She loves me all the day,
 And she has patience with my faults,
 And teaches me to pray.
 How much I'll strive to please her,
 She every hour shall see ;
 For should she go away or die,
 What would become of me ?

THE MAGIC KEY.

DID you ever hear, my children dear,
 Of a certain wonderful key ?
 When I was as young as any of you,
 The story was told unto me.
 This magical key will open the heart
 In a very mysterious way,
 And consists in three little well-known words
 Which you all have been taught to say,—
 If you please !
 At school, at home, at work or at play,
 Wherever you happen to be,
 What favour you want you're sure to obtain
 By using this magical key.
 I suppose it must reach to some secret spring,
 So deep and so far out of sight
 We should not suspect it was there—till those words
 So suddenly bring it to light—
 If you please !
 Now this is a jewel indeed to possess,
 It is made of the purest of gold.
 Ah ! who would not win, who would not wear
 This treasure of value untold ?
 'Tis fashioned in beauty without and within,
 All fair and all charming to see,
 And we all can obtain it, *if only we will*,
 This wonderful magical key—
 If you please !

CHILD'S TALENT.

GOD entrusts to all
Talents, few or many ;
None so young or small
That they have not any.

Though the great and **wise**
Have a greater number,
Yet my one I prize,
And it must **not** slumber.

God will **surely** ask,
Ere I enter heaven,
Have I done the task
Which to me was given.

Little drops of rain
Bring the springing flowers,
And I may attain
Much by little powers.

Every little mite,
Every little measure,
Helps to spread the light,
Helps to swell the treasure.

COMB AND BRUSH.

BUSY bee, busy bee !
Where is your home ?
"In truth, pretty maiden,
I live in a comb."

And you, little rabbit,
Where do you rush ?
"I rush to my home, dear,
Under the brush."

THE BUILDING OF THE NEST.

THEY'LL come again to the apple tree,
Robin and all the rest,
When the orchard branches are fair to see,
In the snow of the blossom dressed,
And the prettiest thing in the world will be
The building of the nest ;

Weaving it well so round and trim,
Hollowing it with care ;
Nothing too far away for him,
Nothing for her too far ;
Hanging it safe on the topmost limb,
Their castle in the air.

Ah ! mother-bird, you'll have weary days
When the eggs are under your breast,
And your mate will fear for wilful ways,
When the young ones leave the nest ;
But they'll find their wings in a glad amaze,
And God will see to the rest.

So come to the trees with all your train,
When the apple blossoms blow,
Through the April changes of sun and rain
Go flying to and fro,
And sing to our hearts as we watch again
Your fairy building grow.

A WISH.

“ BE my fairy, mother,
Give me a wish to-day ;
Something, as well in sunshine
As when the raindrops play.”

“ And if I were a fairy,
With but one wish to spare,
What should I give thee, darling
To quiet thine earnest prayer ? ”

“ I'd like a little brook, mother,
All for my very own,
To laugh all day among the trees,
And shine on the mossy stone ;

“ To run right under the window,
And sing me fast asleep ;
With soft steps and a tender sound
Over the grass to creep.

“ Make it run down hill, mother,
With a leap like a tinkling bell,
So fast I never can catch the leaf
That into its fountain fell.

“ Make it wild as a frightened bird,
And as crazy as a bee,
With a noise like the baby's funny laugh,
That's the brook for me ! ”

NIGHT AND DAY.

WHEN I run about all day,
When I kneel at night and pray,
God sees.

When I'm dreaming in the dark,
When I lie awake and hark,
God sees.

Need I ever know a fear ?
Night and day my Father's near—
God sees.

KITTY.

A LAS ! little Kitty—do give her your pity—
Had lived seven years, and was never called
pretty !

Her hair was bright red and her eyes were dull blue,
And her cheeks were so freckled,
They looked like the speckled

Wild lilies which down in the meadow-lands grew.
If her eyes had been black, if she'd only had curls,
She had been, so she thought, the most happy of girls.

Her cousins around her, they pouted and fretted,
But they were all pretty and they were all petted ;

While poor little Kitty, though striving her best
To do her child's duty,
Not sharing their beauty,

Was always neglected and never caressed.
All in vain, so she thought, was she loving and true,
While her hair was bright red, and her eyes were dull
blue.

But one day, alone 'mid the clover blooms sitting,
She heard a strange sound, as of wings round her
flitting ;

A light not of sunbeams a fragrance more sweet
Than the wind's blowing over
The red-blossomed clover

Made her thrill with delight from her head to her
feet ;

And a voice, sweet and rare, whispered low in the air,
" See that beautiful, beautiful child sitting there ! "

Thrice blessed little Kitty ! She almost looked pretty :
Beloved by the angels, she needed no pity.

O juvenile charmers ! with shoulders of snow,
Ruby lips, sunny tresses,
Forms made for caresses,

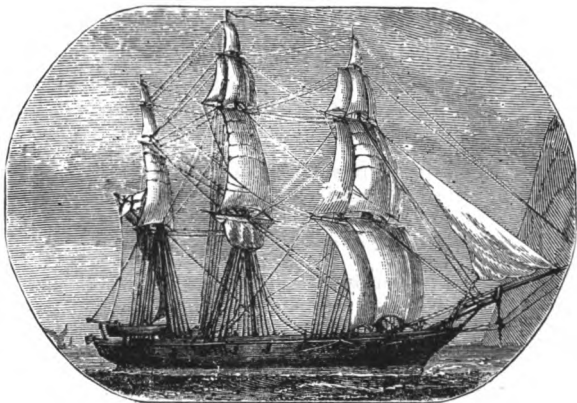
There's one thing, my beauties, 'tis well you should
know :

Though the world is in love with bright eyes and soft
hair,
It is only *good* children the angels call fair.

WHERE ARE THE GOOD LITTLE GIRLS
AND BOYS?

O H, where are all the good little girls,
Where are they all to-day?
And where are all the good little boys?
Tell me, somebody, pray.
Safe in their fathers' and mothers' hearts
The girls are stowed away;
And where the girls are, look for the boys,
So I have heard folks say.





THE SHIPS COMING HOME.

TWO fair ships are sailing,
Sailing o'er the sea,
Willie's ship and my ship,
Full as full can be :
Side by side, my Willie says,
Like as pin and pin—
Oh, the happy, happy days
When our ships come in !

While our ships are sailing,
Sailing o'er the sea,
Willie's ship and my ship,
Full as full can be,
Sailing on the sunny tide,
Grieving would be sin ;
Soon or late and side by side
Shall our ships come in.

VALENTINE AND ORSON.

IN olden times, the stories say,
There lived a famous knight
Who armed himself one summer day,
With a wild man to fight.

The wild man was so tall and strong,
He frightened all about ;
He dressed in skins, his hair was long,
And terrible his shout.

“ I'll honour give,” proclaimed the king,
“ To any warrior brave
Who will to me the wild man bring,
And so my people save.

“ For I have heard that he will slay
Man, woman, youth, or child,
Who in the forest dares to stray,
So cruel he and wild.”

Sir Valentine he took his sword,
His helmet, and his shield :
“ I'll take you at your royal word,
This savage man shall yield.”

He found the wild man in the wood,
And dared him to the fight ;
The savage in amazement stood,
Astonished at the sight.

The shield so bright like mirror shone :
With mingled fear and awe
The wild man stood as changed to stone,
When his own face he saw.

Then roused, he quickly ran around,
And leaped from place to place ;

The knight turned too—the wild man found
Before him still the face.

He raised his club, then threw it down,
And crouched upon the ground :
His face showed fear, not savage frown ;
He let himself be bound.

Then Valentine his captive led,
And took him to the king ;
Said he, “ The savage man so dread,
A prisoner I bring.”

They found, by marks upon his skin,
The savage man so wild
Was Valentine’s own brother twin,
Lost when a little child.

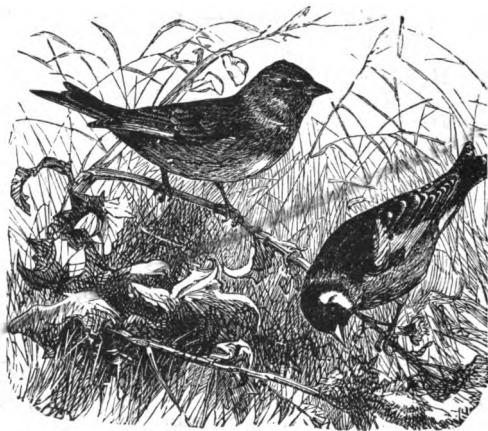
They named him Orson, meaning “ bear ; ”
He bore the name with pride,
For bears of him had taken care,
Or else he would have died.

THE LITTLE GIRL TO HER DOLLY.

THERE go to sleep, Dolly, in own mother’s lap ;
I’ve put on your night-gown and neat little cap ;
So sleep, pretty baby, and shut up your eye ;
Bye bye, little Dolly, lie still, and bye bye.

I’ll lay my clean handkerchief over your head,
And then make believe that my lap is your bed ;
So hush, little dear, and be sure you don’t cry ;
Bye bye, little Dolly, lie still, and bye bye.

There, now it is morning, and time to get up,
And I’ll crumb you a mess in my doll’s china cup ;
So wake, little baby, and open your eye,
For I think it high time to have done with bye bye.



BIRDIE.

BIRDIE, birdie, quickly come !
Come and take this little crumb ;
Go and fetch your little brother,
And be kind to one another.

Birdie, sing a song to me,
I will very quiet be ;
Yes, my birdie—yes, I will
Be so quiet, and so still ;

Oh ! so still, you shall not hear me ;
Fear not, birdie, to come near me.
Tell me, in your pleasant song,
What you're doing all day long :

How you pass the rainy days ;
Tell me all about your plays.
Have you lessons, birdie ? tell—
Do you learn to read and spell ?

Or just fly from tree to tree,
Where you will, at liberty—
Far up in the clear blue sky,
Very far, and very high?

Or in pleasant summer hours,
Do you play with pretty flowers?
Birdie, is this all you do?
Then I wish that I were you.

GOOD MORNING.

GOOD morning, Mamma! Good morning, bright
sun!

Good morning, Papa! The day is begun.
Good morning to every one, Pussy as well;
Does she sleep like the rest, till she hears the first bell?

Good morning it is, for the sky is all blue,
The grass is just shining and sparkling with dew;
The birdies are singing their merriest song,
And the air through the window comes sunny and
strong.

Good morning it is, for dark was the night,
And chilly and still; but the morning is bright.
If God did not watch us and bring us the day,
We would never be able to get up and play.

Good morning, dear day! I am glad we're awake,
Your work and your sunshine and frolic to take;
And I'm glad we are able so gaily to call
Good morning! good morning! good morning to all!



OUR TWINS.

THEY are dressed just alike, all in velvet, you
know,
With soft shaded stripes down to each dainty
toe ;
Such beautiful garments you never could match ;
But if you should handle them roughly, they'll scratch.

Together they drank from the saucer of milk,
And we smooth the soft hair—just as shiny as silk ;
While we fondle and pet them, they scarcely will stir,
But look in our faces, and nestle and purr.

And they play “hide and seek,” one on each side the
door,
Then they just roll together all over the floor,
And they scramble and kick, and turn “summasets”
too,
Till the play gets too rough, then they both cry “Miew !”

HURRY-SKURRY.

WHEN little Hurry-Skurry
Came from the land of Worry,
With a feather in his bonnet and a
sword upon his arm,
He called his men to battle
With a trumpet and a rattle,
And said (O fie upon him!) he would bring his foes
to harm.
So very bold and breezy,
So restless and uneasy,
He went in search of fortune, a lucky star to find ;
But being in a hurry,
And from the land of Worry,
What might have been his portion was always left
behind.
He couldn't wait for flowers,
For sunshine, or for showers,
But all the day he worried, and was quite unhappy too ;
For, alas ! with all his striving,
His boasting and contriving,
The world would not be hurried on, whatever he might
do.
This spirited marauder
Hadn't any bump of order,
But the spoils of war he scattered with a very reckless
hand ;
And so fast he was, and furious,
That it wasn't very curious
We could think of nothing he was like except a firebrand.
His bright career was ended
In a manner truly splendid
(For this little Hurry-Skurry was a hero of renown),
When he laid aside his rattle,
Giving up all thought of battle,
And through the land of Worry went right into Sleepy
Town.

BROTHERLY LOVE.

THE God of heaven is pleased to see
A little family agree ;
And will not slight the praise they bring,
When loving children join to sing.

For love and kindness please Him more
Than if we gave Him all our store ;
And children here, who dwell in love,
Are like His happy ones above.

The gentle child that tries to please,
That hates to quarrel, fret, and tease,
And would not say an angry word—
That child is pleasing to the Lord.

Great God ! forgive, whenever we
Forget Thy will, and disagree ;
And grant that each of us may find
The sweet delight of being kind.

THE CAT.

I LOVE little Pussy, her coat is so warm,
And if I don't hurt her, she'll do me no harm ;
So I'll ne'er pull her tail, nor drive her away,
But Pussy and I together will play ;
She shall sit by my side, and I'll give her some food,
And she'll love me because I am gentle and good,



THE SEA.

TELL me, mamma, about the sea ;
Does it ripple and whisper quietly
Like the little brook below ?
Mary, you heard when you were in bed,
A roaring sound in the trees overhead,
For a mighty wind did blow :

A sound like that the great sea doth make,
As wave on wave on the shore doth break,
Swaying to and fro.
Like a hardy wall I have seen them swell,
Till with a mighty crash they fell
On the stones and shells below.

And the stones and shells, with a rattling sound,
Would rush with the waves along the ground,
Crowned with a wreath of snow.
Then, all in the calm of a summer's night,
Dancing about in the still moonlight,
They quietly come and go.

And down and deep are the waters spread,
And still as the blue sky overhead,
Beneath that ceaseless flow ;
Till every little shell is found
As if it echoed that distant sound,
In murmur soft and low.

WHY SHOULD NOT I BE MERRY?

THE sun is careering in glory and might
'Mid the deep blue sky and the clouds so
bright ;

The billow is tossing its foam on high,
And the summer breezes go lightly by ;
The air and the water dance, glitter, and play,
And why should not I be as merry as they ?



The linnet is singing the wild wood through,
The fawn's bounding footsteps skim over the dew ;
The butterfly flits round the blossoming tree,
And the cowslip and bluebell are bent by the bee.
All the creatures that dwell in the woodland are gay,
And why should not I be as merry as they ?



WHAT THEY SAY.

WHAT does the brook say, flashing its feet
 Under the lilies' blue brimming bowls,
 Brightening the shades with its tender song,
 Cheering all drooping and sorrowful souls?
 It says not, "Be merry!" but, deep in the wood,
 Rings back, "Little maiden, be good, be good!"

What does the wind say, pushing slow sails
 Over the great troubled path of the sea;
 Whirling the mill on the breezy height,
 Shaking the fruit from the orchard tree?
 It breathes not, "Be happy!" but sings, loud and long,
 "O bright little maiden, be strong, be strong!"

What says the river, gliding along
To its home on far-off ocean's breast ;
Fretted by rushes, hindered by bars,
Ever weary, but singing of rest?
It says not, "Be bright !" but, in whisperings grave,
"Dear little maiden, be patient, be brave !"

What do the stars say, keeping their watch
Over our slumbers, the long lone night ;
Never closing their bonnie bright eyes,
Though great storms blind them, and tempests
fright ?
They say not, "Be splendid !" but write on the blue,
In clear silver letters, "Maiden, be true !"

RAIN, HAIL, SNOW.

PITTER, patter ! pitter, patter !
Hear the rain
Beat against the window-pane !

Clitter, clatter ! clitter, clatter !
Tells the tale ;
Now the rain is turned to hail.

Soft and light,
Pure and white ;
On the ground
Not a sound :
Now we know
It is snow,



COMING HOME FROM SCHOOL.

I HEAR a sweet voice singing ;
It is coming from the west,
And I know that it is bringing
My bird home to her nest.

That song is for me only,
Her signal for my ear,

(For she knows I'm watching lonely,)
To tell me she is near.

My eager eyes are straining
To see beyond the pines,
Where I know the sunlight waning
On her little brown head shines.

I see a blue speck yonder ;
It moves—no, it is still ;
Is it her dress, I wonder,
Or the violets on the hill ?

It moves—I see it clearer,
I can almost see her feet ;
She is coming, near and nearer,
She will soon be here, my sweet !

She is coming o'er the river ;
She is lingering on the plank,
To watch the sunbeams quiver
Through the maples on the bank.

And now the gate she reaches,
She passes by the mill ;
Now through the grove of beeches,
She is coming up the hill,

The rocky pathway climbing,
(My happiest hour this is.)
Oh, now she stops my rhyming
With twenty loving kisses.



THE WILD BEAST SHOW.

WITHIN the precincts of this yard,
 Each in his narrow confines barred,
 Dwells every beast that can be found
 On Afric or on Indian ground.
 How different was the life they led
 In those wild haunts where they were bred,
 To this tame servitude and fear,
 Enslaved by man, they suffer here !

In that uneasy close recess
 Crouches a sleeping lioness :
 The next den holds a bear ; the next
 A wolf, by hunger ever vexed.
 There, fiercer from the keeper's lashes,
 His teeth the fell hyena gnashes.
 That creature on whose back abound
 Black spots upon a yellow ground,
 A panther is, the fairest beast
 That haunteth in the spacious East.

He underneath a fair outside
Does cruelty and treachery hide.

That cat-like beast that to and fro
Restless as fire does ever go,
As if his courage did resent
His limbs in such confinement pent,
That should their prey in forest take,
And make the Indian jungles quake,



A tiger is. Observe how sleek
And glossy smooth his coat : no streak
On satin ever matched the pride
Of that which marks his furry hide.
How strong his muscles ! he with ease
Upon the tallest man could seize.
In his large mouth away could bear him,
And into thousand pieces tear him ;

Yet cabined so securely here,
The smallest infant need not fear.

That lordly creature next to him
A lion is. Survey each limb.
Observe the texture of his claws,
The massy thickness of those jaws :
His mane that sweeps the ground in length,
Like Samson's locks, betokening strength.
In force and swiftness he excels
Each beast that in the forest dwells ;



The savage tribes him king confess
Throughout the howling wilderness.
Woe to the hapless neighbourhood,
When he is pressed by want of food !
Of man, or child, or bull, or horse,
He makes his prey ; such is his force.
A waste behind him he creates,
Whole villages depopulates ;
Yet here within appointed lines
How small a grate his rage confines !

This place methinks resembleth well
The world itself on which we dwell.
Perils and snares on every ground,
Like these wild beasts, beset us round ;
But Providence their rage restrains,
Our heavenly Keeper sets them chains ;
His goodness saveth every hour
His darlings from the lion's power.

SNOW FAIRIES.

SOFTLY and swiftly the feathery flakes
Are falling in tiny stars ;
Softly and swiftly they flutter and blend
To pile up their fleecy bars,
While over, and under, and through the trees,
Shrill in the north wind's face,
Come piping from Elfland the fairy throng
To claim their wintry place.

Now hither and thither with flash and glow,
Over the meadows brown,
Over the streamlets, and over the hills -
They set their glittering crown.
Then gaily they dart where the wild bee hummed,
Deep in the forest glade ;
Where the violets blue and the lilies pale
Bloomed in the friendly shade.

Away, and away, with whistle and whirr
Away over bramble and hedge,
Away till the farthest solitudes
Are touched with a diamond edge.
Then lighter they paint in silvery sheen
The story of many a dream,
And shout as the maid at the window-pane
Sees hope's bright visions gleam.

PANSY'S LOVERS.

SPRING-TIME.

PANSY, little pansy,
 Wrapped in velvet hues,
Pansy, little pansy,
 Bathed in morning dews ;

Pansy, little pansy,
 I'm your lover true ;
I am gentle Spring-time,
 Come to welcome you.

SUMMER.

Pansy, little pansy,
 Art thou here, my sweet,
Waiting for the lover
 Thou hast longed to meet ?

I am he, my darling,
 I am Summer gay ;
When I come, my sweetheart,
 Spring-time hastes away.

AUTUMN.

Pansy, little pansy,
 Dost thou not know me ?
I am glorious Autumn,
 Tinting vine and tree.

Pansy, little pansy,
 Grant me this one boon,—
Stay with me, my darling,
 Winter's coming soon.

WINTER.

Pansy, little pansy,
 Dost thou love us all ?
Then, my darling pansy,
 Answer Winter's call.

Pansy, little pansy,
I'm the flowers' night ;
I'll fold you in my arms, pet,
Wrapped in mantles white.

MOPING AND HOPING.

TWO girls I know, Jeannette and Jo,
And one is always moping ;
The other lassie, come what may,
Is ever bravely hoping.

Beauty of face and girlish grace
Are theirs, for joy or sorrow ;
Jeannette takes brightly every day,
And Jo dreads each to-morrow.

One early morn they watched the dawn—
I saw them stand together ;
Their whole day's sport, 'twas very plain,
Depended on the weather.

" 'Twill storm ! " cried Jo. Jeannette spoke low :
" Yes, but 'twill soon be over."
And, as she spoke, the sudden shower
Came beating down the clover.

" I told you so ! " cried angry Jo ;
" It always *is* a-raining ! "
Then hid her face in dire despair,
Lamenting and complaining.

But sweet Jeannette, quite hopeful yet,—
I tell it to her honour,—
Looked up and waited till the sun
Came streaming in upon her :

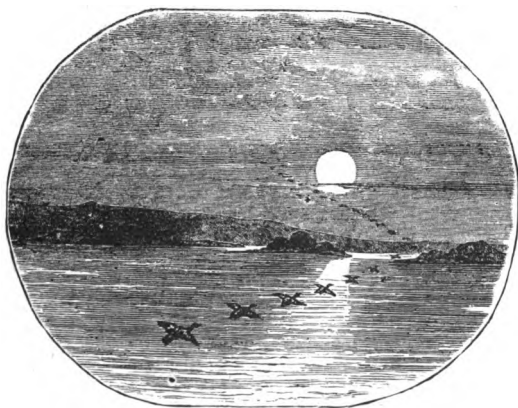
The broken clouds sailed off in crowds,
Across a sea of glory.

Jeannette and Jo ran laughing in—
Which ends my simple story.

Joy is divine. Come storm, come shine,
The hopeful are the gladdest ;
And doubt and dread, dear girls, believe,
Of all things are the saddest.

In morning's light, let youth be bright ;
Take in the sunshine tender ;
Then, at the close, shall life's decline
Be full of sunset splendour.

And ye who fret, try, like Jeannette,
To shun all weak complaining ;
And not, like Jo, cry out too soon,
" It always *is* a-raining ! "





BUTTERCUP AND DANDELION.

LITTLE yellow buttercup
 Stood laughing in the
 sun ;
 The grass all green around
 it,
 The summer just begun ;
 Its saucy little head abrim
 With happiness and fun.

Near by—grown old, and
 gone to seed,
 A dandelion grew ;
 To right and left with
 every breeze
 His snowy tresses flew.
 He shook his hoary head,
 and said,
 “ I’ve some advice for
 you.

“ Don’t think, because you’re
 yellow now,
 That golden days will
 last ;

I was as gay as you are, once,
 But now my youth is past.
 This day will be my last to bloom ;
 The hours are going fast.

“ Perhaps your fun may last a week,
 But then you’ll have to die.”
 The dandelion ceased to speak :
 A breeze that capered by
 Snatched all the white hairs from his head,
 And wafted them on high.

His yellow neighbour first looked sad,
Then, cheering up, he said,
"If one's to live in fear of death,
One might as well be dead."
The little buttercup laughed on,
And waved his golden head.

TIRED OF PLAY.

T IRED of play ! tired of play !
What hast thou done this livelong day ?
The birds are silent, and so is the bee ;
The sun is creeping up steeple and tree ;
The doves have flown to the sheltering eaves,
And the nests are dark with the drooping leaves ;
Twilight gathers, and day is done :
How hast thou spent it, restless one ?
Playing ? But what hast thou done beside,
To tell thy mother at eventide ?
What promise of morn is left unbroken ?
What kind word to thy playmates spoken ?
Whom hast thou pitied, and whom forgiven ?
How with thy faults hath duty striven ?
What hast thou learned by field and hill,
By greenwood path and singing rill ?
There will come an eve to a longer day,
That will find thee tired, but not of play ;
And thou wilt lean, as thou leanest now,
With drooping limbs and an aching brow,
And wish the shadows would faster creep,
And long to go to thy quiet sleep.
Well were it then, if thine aching brow
Were as free from sin and shame as now !
Well for thee, if thy lip could tell
A tale like this, of a day spent well !

If thine open hand hath relieved distress,
 If thy pity hath sprung to wretchedness,
 If thou hast forgiven the sore offence,
 And humbled thy heart with penitence ;
 If Nature's voices have spoken to thee
 With her holy meanings eloquently,
 If every creature hath won thy love,
 From the creeping worm to the brooding dove ;
 If never a sad unspoken word
 Hath pled with thy human heart unheard,
 Then when the night steals on as now,
 It will bring relief to thine aching brow ;
 And, with joy and peace at the thought of rest,
 Thou wilt sink to sleep on thy mother's breast.

CRUMBS TO THE BIRDS.

A BIRD appears a thoughtless thing ;
 He's ever living on the wing,
 And keeps up such a carolling,
 That little else to do but sing
 A man would guess had he.

No doubt he has his little cares,
 And very hard he often fares,
 The which so patiently he bears,
 That, listening to those cheerful airs,
 Who knows but he may be

In want of his next meal of seeds ?
 I think for *that* his sweet song pleads.
 If so, his pretty art succeeds.
 I'll scatter there among the weeds
 All the small crumbs I see.

THE CROCUS.

THE flowers were dreaming, all fast asleep,
For the warm brown earth is a pleasant bed,
When suddenly, breaking their slumber deep,
They heard a patter just overhead
Like the tramp of a million fairy feet,
Or tapping fingers that beat and beat.
"Who knocks so loudly?" the wild rose said ;
The pansy opened her purple eyes
And stared through the darkness in mute surprise ;
Fair timid lily, with saint-like grace,
Just crossed herself and began to pray ;
The violet stirred in her drowsy nest—
" 'Tis quite too early for me to rise,
There is not so much as a gleam of day "—
Then turned on her pillow and slept again ;
Fair daffodil yawned and covered her face,
Hypatica murmured, " Oh, hush ! be still ;
We need not wake till the blue birds trill ;"
But dear little crocus, meek and good,
Rose out of her quiet resting-place :
" I hear the knock of the wild March rain,
'Tis time for me to be up and dressed."'
She wrapped herself in her warm green vest,
And, shivering, pulled on her yellow hood,
And slid the bolts of the heavy door,
And pushed her way through melting snow,
Through showers that patter and winds that blow,
Into the bare bleak world, to bring
The wonderful, beautiful news of Spring.

Some children scampering home from school
Stopped that day near the woodland pool,
And laughed and shouted with joy ; for there,
Out of a snow wreath peeping fair,
A dear little crocus bravely stood,
And smiled to herself in her yellow hood,



LADY-GIRL.

O H ! I'm my mamma's lady-girl,
And I must sit quite still ;
It would not do to jump and whirl,
And get my hair all out of curl,
And rumple up my frill.
No, I'm my mamma's lady-girl,
So I must sit quite still.

ELSIE AND THE BROOK.

A BROOK and wee Elsie
Were playing together,
One frolicsome day
Of the sunshiny weather,
At "tag" and "bo-peep;"
Naughty creatures were they,
For the brook and wee Elsie
Had both run away.

One time, when they paused
In a lovely cool place,
Elsie saw in the water
Her own dimpled face;
And "How funny!" she said,
With a wondering look;
"Now, how could my face
Get into the brook?"

A half-minute later,
A gypsying-bee
Left Elsie in tears,
Sorry object to see.
"Here's another queer problem,"
The little brook cries;
"Now, how did I ever
Get into her eyes?"

DEW DROPS.

A MILLION little diamonds
Twinkled on the trees;
And all the little maidens said,
"A jewel if you please!"
But while they held their hands outstretched
To catch the diamonds gay,
A million little sunbeams came
And stole them all away.

THE MORNING COMES BEFORE THE SUN.

SLOW buds the pink dawn like a rose
From out night's gray and cloudy sheath;
Softly and still it grows and grows,
Petal by petal, leaf by leaf.
Each sleep-imprisoned creature breaks
Its dreamy fetters one by one,
And love awakes, and labour wakes—
The morning comes before the sun.

What is this message from the light,
So fairer far than light can be?
Youth stands a-tiptoe, eager, bright,
In haste the risen sun to see.
Ah! check thy longing, restless heart,
Count the charmed moments as they run;
It is life's best and fairest part,
This morning hour before the sun.

When once thy day shall burst to flower,
When once the sun shall climb the sky,
And busy hour by busy hour
The urgent noontide draws anigh;
When the long shadows creep abreast
To dim the happy task half done,
Thou wilt recall this pause of rest,
This morning hush before the sun.

To each one dawning and one dew,
One fresh young hour is given by fate,
One rose flush on the early blue—
Be not impatient, then, but wait:
Clasp the sweet peace on earth and sky,
By midnight angels woven and spun;
Better than day its prophecy—
The morning comes before the sun.

THE LETTERS AT SCHOOL.

ONE day the letters went to school,
And tried to learn each other ;
They got so mixed, 'twas really hard
To pick out one from t'other.

A went in first, and Z went last ;
The rest were all between them—
K, L, and M, and N, O, P—
I wish you could have seen them.

B, C, D, E, and J, K, L,
Soon jostled well their betters ;
Q, R, S, T, I grieve to say,
Were very naughty letters.

Of course, ere long, they came to words—
What else could be expected ?
Till E made D, J, C and T
Decidedly dejected.

Now, through it all, the Consonants
Were rudest and uncouthest,
While all the pretty Vowel girls
Were certainly the smoothest.

And simple U kept far from Q,
With face demure and moral,
“Because,” she said, “we are, we two,
So apt to start a quarrel.”

But spiteful P said, “Pooh for U !”
(Which made her feel quite bitter ;)
And, calling O, L, E, to help,
He really tried to hit her.

Cried A, “Now E and C, come here !
If both will wait a minute,

Good P will join in making peace ;
Indeed, he will begin it."

But smiling E, the ready sprite,
Said, "Yes, and count me double."
This done, sweet peace shone o'er the scene,
And gone was all the trouble.

Meanwhile, when U and P rode up,
The Cons'nants looked about them,
And kissed the Vowels, for, you see,
They could not do without them.

THE HOMELESS CAT.

HIS voice broke forth in a mournful plea,
As he crouched him away where none
might see ;
All day he hid in that lonesome place
His scarred old form and his sad old face.

'Twas the old black cat that has no home,
That hides and trembles till night has come,
And then he hunts in the hushed-up street—
No sight, no sound, but his poor black feet.

There up and along the still, dark way
He hunts and hurries all night till the day ;
Sometimes in the cellars he catches a rat,
And sometimes he meets some other lost cat,

And sometimes he meets a family pet,
Whose form is lusty with morsels sweet.
Poor cat with the scars and the torn old ears,
No wonder he creeps, no wonder he fears !

Last night in the stables the ostler threw
A stone as he passed, and laughed at the mew,
The wild, sad mew, as he slunk down the street,
In the cold and darkness, new foes to meet.

Oh, speak to him kindly, his eyes are so sad ;
Don't scare him away, no food has he had ;
He hasn't a friend in the cold, dreary street,
But gets hissings and blows from all he may meet.

Under the house is his damp chilly bed,
And no one will cry when the old cat is dead.
Then speak to him kindly, and help him, oh do !
The old cat is hungry. God made him and you.

WHO IS MY NEIGHBOUR ?

THY neighbour ? it is he whom thou
Hast power to aid and bless,
Whose aching heart or burning brow
Thy soothing hand may press.

Thy neighbour ? 'tis the fainting poor,
Whose eye with want is dim,
Whom hunger sends from door to door—
Go thou, and succour him.

Thy neighbour ? 'tis that weary man,
Whose years are at their brim,
But low with sickness, cares, and pain—
Go thou, and comfort him.

Thy neighbour ? 'tis the heart bereft
Of every earthly gem ;
Widow and orphan, helpless left—
Go thou, and shelter them.

Thy neighbour? yonder toiling slave,
Fettered in thought and limb,
Whose hopes are all beyond the grave—
Go thou, and ransom him.

Where'er thou meet'st a human form
Less favoured than thine own,
Remember 'tis thy neighbour worm,
Thy brother or thy son.

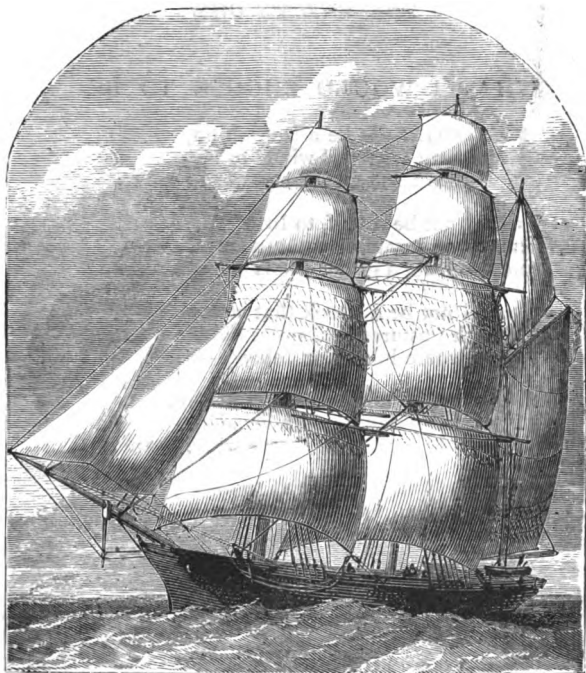
Oh! pass not, pass not heedless by;
Perhaps thou canst redeem
The breaking heart from misery—
Go, share thy lot with him.

LISTENING FOR THE STARS.

I HAVE heard—I don't know whether
Wide awake or fast asleep—
That the stars once sang together
To some shepherds tending sheep.

So, at night, when they are glistening,
Just before I close my eyes,
I look up, and keep a-listening
For the music from the skies.

And the stars shine out so brightly,
That I cannot think but they,
While I listen to them nightly,
Will repeat the heavenly lay.



MOONLIGHT AND THE SEA.

THERE'S a ship on the sea ; it is sailing to-night,
Sailing to-night !
And father's aboard, and the moon is all bright,
Shining and bright !
Dear moon ! he'll be sailing for many a night,
Sailing for mother and me ;
Oh ! follow the ship, with your silvery light,
As father sails over the sea !

WHAT I WOULD CHOOSE TO BE.

I WOULD not be a leaf, oh no,
To wait for April winds to blow
Before I should have power to grow ;

I would not be a leaf, to lose
The red and gold of autumn hues,
And drop when giddy winds should choose ;

I would not be a brook that strays
Through pastures and sweet hidden ways,
And nowhere loiters or delays,—

A brook that hurries here and there,
Whether the day be dark or fair,
Till caught within the frost's white snare ;

I would not be a bird that weaves
Her dainty nest beneath the eaves,
And has no peace for fear of thieves ;

I would not be a bird to trill,
And teach my fledglings with a will,
And find one day the nest quite still ;

I would not be a bee to roam,
Seeking the sweetness far from home
With which to fill my honey-comb ;

Nor would I be a red rose, born
With many a hidden cruel thorn,
Where children's fingers might be torn.

But I would simply choose to be
A little child at mother's knee,
Of years that number one, two, three :
Oh that is far the best for me !

THE GRASS.

THE rose is praised for its beaming face,
The lily for saintly whiteness ;
We love this bloom for its languid grace,
And that for its airy lightness.

We say of the oak, " How grand of girth ! "
Of the willow we say, " How slender ! "
And yet to the soft grass, clothing earth,
How slight is the praise we render !

But the grass knows well, in her secret heart,
How we love her cool green raiment ;
So she plays in silence her lovely part,
And cares not at all for payment.

Each year her buttercups nod and drowse,
With sun and dew brimming over ;
Each year she pleases the greedy cows
With oceans of honeyed clover.

Each year on the earth's wide breast she waves,
From spring until bleak November ;
And then—she remembers so many graves
That no one else will remember.

And while she serves us, with goodness mute,
In return for such sweet dealings,
We tread her carelessly underfoot,
Yet we never wound her feelings.

Here's a lesson that he who runs may read :
Though I fear but few have won it,—
The best reward of a kindly deed
Is the knowledge of having done it.



THE BEE AND THE BLUEBELL.

A DEAR little bluebell,
 On one gladsome day,
 Sprang forth from the .
 dark earth
 In brightest array.
 There soon came and sipped
 A little brown bee ;
 They were for each other
 Created, you see.

THE COWSLIP.

I LOVE to pick the primroses
 Beneath the hedges green ;
 I love to seek the violets
 Beneath their leafy screen ;

The daisies and the buttercups,
The bluebells rich and tall ;
I love them well, but yet I love
The cowslips best of all.

The cowslips nod upon the grass,
And hang each golden cup ;
They gleam like jewels as I pass,
And all their scent comes up.
I gather them and treasure them,
Nor let one blossom fall,
But take them home and make myself
A glorious cowslip ball.



THE GINGER-BREAD MAN.

HERE'S a nice brown ginger-bread man,
Freshly baked in the baker's pan,
Spiced and sugared, and spick and span ;
Cloves for his eyes and paste for his tie—
Oh, what a nice sweet man to buy !

Here are Felix and Mary Ann
Looking in at the ginger-bread man
(Spiced and sugared, and spick and span,
Cloves for his eyes and paste for his tie),
Wondering whether the price is high.

Here are Felix and Mary Ann
Going home with the ginger-bread man
That was baked in the baker's pan.
"Far too nice to be eaten," they said ;
"Keep the man for a dolly instead."

Here behold the ginger-bread man
That was baked in the baker's pan,
In the doll-house of Mary Ann.
See him stand, with his round fat face,
Among the dolls in silk and lace !

Here are Felix and Mary Ann
Sleeping sound as ever they can,
Dreaming about the ginger-bread man
Left in the doll-house, set away,
Till they wake in the morn to play.

See this rat ; since the night began
He has prowled to get what he can.
Ah, he smells the ginger-bread man !
There's the doll-house under the shelf,
Just where the rat can climb himself.

Every rat will get what he can.
Ah, the poor sweet ginger-bread man !
• Wake, O Felix and Mary Ann !
There's a patter, a jump, a squeak—
Ah, if the ginger-bread man could speak !

See the rat, as quick as he can,
Climbing up for the ginger-bread man
In the doll-house of Mary Ann !
Ah, if the ginger-bread man could run !
Oh, to see what the rat has done !

Here are Felix and Mary Ann
Come to play with the ginger-bread man,
Spiced and sugared, and spick and span.
Ah, behold, where he stood before,
Only crumbs on the doll-house floor !

SNOW-FLAKES.

WHENEVER a snow-flake leaves the sky,
It turns and turns to say "Good-bye !"
Good-bye, dear cloud, so cool and gray !"
Then lightly travels on its way.

And when a snow-flake finds a tree,
"Good-day !" it says, "Good-day to thee !
Thou art so bare and lonely, dear,
I'll rest and call my comrades here."

But when a snow-flake, brave and meek,
Lights on a rosy maiden's cheek,
It starts—"How warm and soft the day !
'Tis summer !" and it melts away.



BROKEN TOYS.

A LITTLE girl, just four years old,
Had many a pretty toy,
And did not try to keep them nice,
But only to destroy.

Her mother's scissors she would get,
And clip the things she found,
Till cloth and pictures on the floor,
Cut into bits, lay round.

Her family of dolls, alas !
When they were put to bed,
This one had lost a leg or arm,
And that would have no head.

One day a darling doll came home,
The prettiest in the world,
Its eyes so blue, its cheeks so red,
Its fair locks neatly curled.

But in one week how sad a wreck,
For all its cost and care !
Its legs and arms and nose were gone,
And its poor head was bare.

Then her papa hung up a shelf,
And placed there in a row
Her broken toys, and, oh ! they made
A very ugly show.

But when the mischiefs she had done,
This little girl had seen,
Oh, then she cried and said, "Mamma,
How naughty I have been !"

PUSSY AND TRAY.

THE cat and dog resolved to be good,
Truly kind and forgiving.
"What is the use," they sweetly said,
"Of such unpleasant living ?"

So Pussy took her dear Tray's arm,
And out they sallied o'er the farm ;
And all who saw them laughed with glee,
And wondering said, "Can such things be ?"

LITTLE MISS DELAY.

WITH cheeks like pink roses abloom in May,
And eyes like the stars, so sparkling were they;
With breath like sweet clover or new-mown hay;

Ah ! pretty and sweet was Katy Delay.
And good and wise we should find her this day,
Had it not been for a very bad way
She had, whenever her mother would say,
“Come, Katy, and learn !” of crying, “I’ll stay
Just five minutes more !” or “Dear mother; pray
Wait till to-morrow,—I want so to play !”

Now she is old and wrinkled and gray,
And knows no more than they do at Cathay,—
Foolish and old, and never a ray
Of comfort for her who once was so gay ;
And all because she would have her own way.
Somehow or other, ’tis always *to-day* ;
She never has found, I’ll venture to say,
Any to-morrow. Poor Katy Delay !

THOUGHTLESS CRUELTY.

THERE, Robert, you have killed that fly,
And should you thousand ages try
The life you’ve taken to supply,
You could not do it.

You surely must have been devoid
Of thought and sense, to have destroyed
A thing which no way you annoyed.
You’ll one day rue it.

'Twas but a fly, perhaps you'll say,
That's born in April, dies in May ;
That does but just learn to display
His wings one minute,

And in the next is vanished quite :
A bird devours it in his flight,
Or come a cold blast in the night,
There's no breath in it.

The bird but seeks his proper food ;
And Providence, whose power endured
That fly with life, when it thinks good,
May justly take it.

But you have no excuses for't ;
A life by Nature made so short,
Less reason is that you for sport
Should shorter make 'it.

A fly a little thing you rate,
But, Robert, do not estimate
A creature's pain by small or great ;
The greatest being

Can have but fibres, nerves, and flesh,
And these the smallest ones possess,
Although their frame and structure less
Escape our seeing.

THE CATERPILLAR.

I CREEP on the ground, and the children say,
"You ugly old thing !" and push me away.

I lie in my bed, and the children say,
"The fellow is dead ; we'll throw him away !"

At last I awake, and the children try
To make me stay, as I rise and fly.



A VALENTINE.

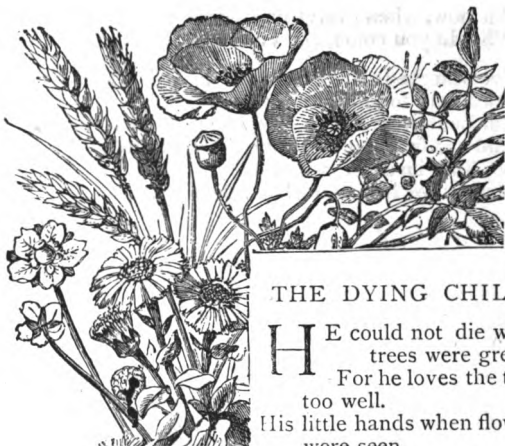
OH ! little loveliest lady mine,
What shall I send for your valentine ?
Summer and flowers are far away,
Gloomy old Winter is king to-day.
Buds will not blow, and sun will not shine ;
What shall I do for a valentine ?

Prithee, St. Valentine, tell me here,
Why do you come at this time o' year ?

Plenty of days when lilies are white,
Plenty of days when sunbeams are bright.
But now, when everything's dark and drear,
Why do you come, St. Valentine dear?

I've searched the gardens all through and through,
For a bud to tell of my love so true ;
But buds were asleep, and blossoms were dead,
And the falling snow came down on my head.
So, little loveliest lady mine,
Here is my heart for your valentine !





THE DYING CHILD.

HE could not die when
 trees were green,
 For he loves the time
 too well.
 His little hands when flowers
 were seen,
 Were held for the bluebell.

Infants, the children of the Spring !
 How can an infant die
 When butterflies are on the wing,
 Green grass and such a sky ?

He held his hands for daisies white,
 And then for violets blue,
 And took them all to bed at night,
 That in the green fields grew.

And then he shut his little eyes,
 And flowers would notice not ;
 Birds' nests and eggs caused no surprise,
 He now no blossoms got.

When winter came, and blasts did sigh,
And bare were plain and tree,
As he for ease in bed did lie,
His soul was with the free.



VIOLETS.

OH, don't you love the violets,
So modest and so blue?
They're like the eyes of children bright,
And when just touched with dew
They have a mournful kind of look,
That makes the passer-by
Stoop down and whisper very soft,
"Poor violets, don't cry!"



A LITTLE GIRL'S SONG OF AUTUMN.

THE autumn has filled me with wonder to-day,
The wind seems so sad, while the trees look so
gay ;

The sky is so blue, while the fields are so brown,
While bright leaves and brown leaves drift all through
the town.

I wish I could tell why the world changes so ;
But I am a little girl—I cannot know.

The sun rises late, and then goes down so soon,
I think it is evening before it is noon :

Of the birds and the flowers hardly one can be found,
Though the little brown sparrows stay all the year
round.

I wish I could tell you where all the birds go
But I am a little girl—I cannot know.

O Autumn ! why banish such bright things as they ?
Pray turn the world gently ! don't scare them away !
And now they are gone, will you bring them again ?
If they come in the spring, I may not be here then.

Why go they so swiftly—then come back so slow ?
Oh, I'm but a little girl—I cannot know.

BABY BO.

FLY away, fly away, Birdie oh !
Bring something home to my Baby Bo ;
Bring her a feather and bring her a song,
And sing to her sweetly all the day long.

Hoppety, kickety, Grasshopper oh !
Bring something home to my Baby Bo ;
Bring her a thistle and bring her a thorn,
Hop over her head, and then begone.

Howlibus, growlibus, Doggibus oh !
Bring something home to my Baby Bo ;
Bring her a snarl and bring her a snap,
And bring her a posy to put in her cap.

Twinkily, winkily, Firefly oh !
Bring something home to my Baby Bo ;
Bring her a moonbeam and bring her a star,
Then twinkily, winkily, fly away far !

TWILIGHT.

THE daisies bow their gentle heads,
 The air is sweet and still ;
 The sunset glory softly fades
 Behind the western hill.

No sound of human voice is heard,
 To break the silence here,
 Though cricket's chirp and song of bird
 Fall on my listening ear.

The fading sunlight mildly beams
 On pasture-lands below,
 Where, through the trees, the winding streams
 Like silver ribbons show.

And now, o'er down-let bars, the cows
 Come forth with loitering feet ;
 Beside the road they pause to browse,
 Or crop the clover sweet.

They climb the hill whose winding way
 Now hides, now shows them nigh :
 I watch till on its summit gray
 They stand against the sky.

No more the sunset rays, 'tis true,
 Make bright the hill-top far,
 But o'er it, from the deepening blue,
 Looks forth the evening star.

10

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